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INCARNATED AND REDEEMED
OR
ROCKTOWN REVERIES
AND
OTHER POEMS
BY
CHAS. A. EMMONS



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AND

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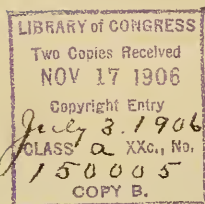
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CHAS. A. EMMONS.

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PREFACE.

To the reading public, and especially to those who think for themselves, I have no apology to make for the views set forth in this volume, respecting the origin and incarnation of the human spirit, and the tri-personality of the Deity. Should they be deemed false and visionary, remember that they cannot be farther from the truth, or find less support from reason, and the teachings of the Scriptures, than the theology of the present time on these subjects, as accepted and taught by the different churches in their published creeds.

THE AUTHOR.

1906

SEDALIA PRINTING CO.,
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DEDICATION.

*To him who dares to break away
From beaten paths of thought to stray
In fields by timid feet untrod,
In search of truth and nature's God;
Who dares be singular, nor heeds
The frowns of antiquated creeds,
Unsuited to enlightened times,
I dedicate my humble rhymes.*

C. A. E.

INTRODUCTION.

Go child, of my muse,
 On thy mission of song,
I've selfishly kept thee
 Already too long.
For hearts are now aching
 In their grief and despair,
And others are breaking
 'Neath the burden they bear.

Go sing of the wisdom
 In nature displayed,
In the beautiful things
 Our Father has made—
Of the deep, solemn woods,
 Primeval and wild,
And mountains majestic
 His hand has upplied.

Go sing of the flowers
 That bloom by the way—
The wild bird's carol
 From the leafy spray,
Of the humbler life,
 And low monotone,
In the ceaseless hum
 Of the insects' drone.

Go tell of the terror
 Of the storm-king's wrath,
Of the wreck and the ruin
 He leaves in his path,
As he scurries along
 With cyclonic speed,
Over country and town
 On his firey steed.

Go sing of the zephyr
 That breathes on the flowers,
In the quiet retreat
 Of ambrosial bowers;
As pure and as sweet
 As a maiden's dream,
Or the lullaby song
 Of the mountain stream.

Go tell of the time
 In the aeons long past,
Ere the earth in the mold
 Of creation was cast:
When our spirits unfettered
 By this earthly clod,
We lived and we loved,
 Being angels of God.

To tell it, but only
 In a whispered breath,
Of the sin and the shame

That doomed us to death,
That drove us from heaven
In sorrow and tears,
Lone wandering, like stars
Hurled out of their spheres.

Go tell how to save us
God incarnates us all,
Redeeming our spirits
From the curse of the fall,
And taking our nature,
He too became man;
And by his oblation
Made perfect his plan.

Sing loud to his glory,
The honor is due,
He made this attonement
For me and for you,
That we through his merit,
By faith may regain,
The glory we have lost,
And be happy again.

THE AUTHOR.

INCARNATED AND REDEEMED
OR
ROCKTOWN REVERIES.

CANTO I.

I

Here with uncovered head beneath thy wide
And massive limbs, thou gnarled and moss grown oak,
Whom time and tempest's wrath has long defied,
Yet hath not 'scaped the scathing lightning's stroke;
Let one whose heart's to nature's wilds allied,
A moment stand in silence, and invoke
The God of nature to impart again
That youthful fire which thrilled through every vein,

II

While erst he stood in rapt'rous wonderment
And awe, while gazing on the dizzy heights
Of yonders cliff, whose lofty summit blent
In clouds, a Jacob's ladder, which unites
The earth and heav'n. Perilous the ascent;
But beauty, pleasure in the toil invites,
And no incentive greater is than this,
Whether we seek in earth or heav'n for bliss.

III

Hail, glorious old Rocktown ! thou wearest yet
The grandeur which thou worest in the years
Agone, when first my youthful gaze was set
On thee, nor while sweet mem'ry still endears
Thy wilds unto my heart, can I forget
Thy scenes, which thrill my inmost soul, and stirs
Emotion's fount until the waters rise,
And overflow with joyful tears mine eyes.

IV

O it is sweet to steal awhile away
From weary, wasting toil, the world's thronged mart,
And life's perplexities, and wend our way
Where nature's scenes sublime, doth wean the heart
Away from self; to list the wild bird's lay,
And roaring tide, till we become a part
Of that which us surrounds, and feel, I ween,
We're nearer heav'n than we before have been.

V

Give me while life's bewild'ring track I tread,
But to withdraw from out the jostling crowd;
To rove on mountain brow, with moss bespread,
And nature's curtained canopy to shroud
From eyes of vulgar men; to view the dread
Tornado's desolated path, where bowed
And broken forms of forest monarchs, hath
Marked the track of the raging tempest's wrath.

VI

To stroll through meads, and hear the hum of bees,
When fragrant blossoms scent the balmy air;
When mocking birds doth pipe their varied glees
Above their little nests: or else repair
Where autumn gales have stripped the somber trees,
And low winds sigh among the branches bare,
And learn from that low, mournful, dirge-like tone,
That life like autumn leaves will soon be gone.

VII

But O to stand upon some rocky height,
Where each surrounding peak reflects the sheen
Of early, summer morn's resplendent light;
While far below the valley robed in green,
And sparkling waters greet the raptured sight;
To catch the inspiration of the scene,
And feel the soul freed from this earth's alloy,
O this, this is to feel, and to enjoy.

VIII

Here on the banks of Luva's swelling flood,
Impetuous, roaring, rushing madly by,
Till calmed in yonder's maple grove, I've stood
And scanned thy lofty peaks with eager eye,
And watched the croaking ravens feed their brood,
While from the ledge above, Reynard, the sly,
Peering greedily down was seen to start,
Then creep into old Rocktown's stony heart.

IX

And I full oft have tread the "narrow way,"
Not that which leads up to the heav'nly gate,
But chalky caves. And here we dare not stray,
For not unlike the Christian path, 'tis "straight,"
And one false step, or look behind us, may
Result in death. But dangers still await,
For by some vines which in the fissures grow,
We reach the caves, or else are crushed below.

X

And one whose mind's turned for philosophy,
Some knotty questions here to solve will find;
And others who may fond admirers be
Of nature's beauties, too, may feast the mind,
Or soul, or sight, unto satiety.
The cavern walls with whitest chalk are lined,
While lines of red and purple intervene,
To beautify this happy cavern scene.

XI

Tradition tells of one, a forest son,
Whom fate or inclination, what you will,
Since 'tis the same where power is lost to shun,
Impelled to woo a dark-eyed maid, until
Her heart but not her hand by him was won;
For like his pale-face brother, sires oft ill
Can brook an union when 'tis unadvised,
If pride of rank is thereby compromised.

XII

And she was of the royal line of kings,
Or chiefs, and he but a poor indian brave,
With naught but that devotion true which clings
To what he loved, and what he'd die to save.
But while affection in the bosom springs
Alike of haughty lord, or humble slave,
Yet where nor wealth nor rank is his who sues,
A soulless sire forbids the nuptial noose.

XIII

And so 'twas in this case; but then to wrench
Two hearts apart thus joined, and baffle hope,
Was quite another thing, for naught could quench
Thir love But still as they could not there cope
A father's rage, though dangers did not blench
Their hearts, they then concluded to elope,
As harrassed lovers oftentimes have done,
That love's sweet tide might still unruffled run.

XIV

And so they fled, this brave and princess fair,
Too soon alas, pursued by brother braves
And sire; whose vengeance to escape the pair
A refuge sought within these chalky caves.
Yet 'twas to their misguided feet a snare,
And what had safety promised proved their graves;
For here beleagured by their cruel foes,
At last starvation quit them of their woes.

XV

But let us from these lover's sepulcher,
 Where persecution doomed to death, despite
 Its scenic beauty and the thoughts which stir
 Our deeper, better nature, feeling's quite
 Too apathetic grown to minister
 Delight. Besides the mem'ry of the blight
 Of two fond hearts by parent's malice wrought,
 Has switched from the main track the train of thought.

XVI

And thought debases or exalts the soul;
 And feeling cannot be nor high nor low,
 Save as that which doth the thought control
 Is base, or else with purity aglow.
 And sketching some fair scene is like a stroll
 Through garden walks, 'mid beauty's varied show;
 Digression being but a step aside
 To cull some flower of thought the mind hath spied.

XVII

But thou hast lost a part of thy romance,
 Dear old Rocktown; ay, some attraction's gone.
 Though when upon thy varied scenes I glance
 Thou seemest e'en the same thou wert, I own,
 Yet there's a something wanting to enhance
 Thy beauties, and awaken feeling, grown
 Torpid with thoughts of cruelty and wrong,
 Which to that cavern's history belong.

XVIII

Still I before upon their wrongs have dwelt,
 Though mythical perhaps, nor e'er occurred
As vague tradition tells, yet hearts may melt
 Not o'er the real alone, but oft are stirred
To tears o'er fancied woes : and I have felt,
 As who hath not, my drooping spirits cheered
By fond imaginings, although ideal,
While feeling caught no glow from what was real.

XIX

And yet no after gloom as now, did creep
 Like a dark incubus upon the mind,
Which not unlike an opiate doth steep
 The soul in apathy. But still, confined
To melancholy thoughts and sad, that keep
 The feeling in abeyance, is but to bind
Me to the change which o'er my life hath passed,
Since I in lusty youth came hither last.

XX

For now the ardor of my youth is chilled,
 Or mellowed into manhood's riper years;
And scenes which once my raptured bosom thrilled,
 Though old association still endears,
Are changed; or glowing fancy doth not gild
 Them now as once, ay, fancy too, appears
Less vivid, and her visions flit, in truth,
Less palpably before me than in youth.

XXI

But then there was a lovely dark-haired maid,
 With winning smile, and brightly beaming eye,
My earliest love, who with me oftentimes strayed
 Beside clear Luva's stream, or climbed thy high,
And rugged steeps, and from some ledge surveyed
 Thy lofty peaks and caverned walls, whilst I
My admiration did divide between
That lovely dark-eyed lass and mountain scene.

XXII

But gave the maid no doubt the larger share,
 For at that shrine we worship most where thought
Most often turns. Besides our feelings bear
 Resemblance to the things from which they're caught,
And this, perhaps, is why my heart doth wear
 A gloom that hitherto it here had not.
Emotion now doth from these caverns rise,
But then 'twas caught from Cynthia's brilliant eyes.

XXIII

O Cynthia, dear, if thou wert here today,
 And were we still the same as when life's tide
Ran high—but hush the half-breathed wish, it may
 Not be, for now thou art another's bride,
And I am wedded too; yet when I stray
 Through mem'ry's haunts where thou wert by my side,
The dreams of bliss that thrilled my heart and brain,
Doth oftentimes as now come up again.

XXIV

And next to thy dear presence by my side

When life was young, and still our hands were free,
Has been the mem'ry that doth still abide

Within my heart, of all thou wert to me,
For long I've felt thou art my spirit bride,

Though parted here awhile by Heav'ns decree;
Else why is it that mem'ry still endears
Thee to my heart through all the vanished years?

XXV

And why should thought delighting to retrace

The past, contented rest where we have met?
Or why doth mem'ry of our first embrace

Amid these wilds still linger with me yet?
O why this longing for a form, a face,

Whose grace and beauty I cannot forget,
If other ties there are not, still more fond,
Which bind our hearts, than any earthly bond?

XXVI

So 'tis no fault, though we've a different lot

(Howe'er unfeeling prudes condemn) if some
Sweet thoughts of former love, not yet forgot,
Doth make emotions in the soul, and come

As mem'rys welcome guests. Nor would we blot
The past, or make it as the future, dumb.

If what's to mem'ry dear we must reject,
O who would ever care then to reflect?

XXVII

And mem'ry has no treasures which I prize
More highly than thy sweet and winsome ways;
Nor shall I e'er forget the glad surprise
We felt when first we met each other's gaze;
For looking then into each other's eyes,
We owned the tribute which affection pays,
But for the world we would not have confessed
In words, what then we felt within our breast.

XXVIII

And why should we, since to the other known?
Weak words in love's confusion cannot show
The depths of passion which one glance alone
Reveals to him who feels a kindred glow.
Heart speaks to heart, and love must be its own
Interpreter; since kindred souls will know
By intuition, their affinity,
When and whene'er their meeting chance to be.

XXIX

For by a law we cannot understand,
We like, or not according to the sense.
Some things at first approval doth command,
While others, some, as surely give offense.
All that we know is, nature hath so planned;
And we dislike, or not, in consequence.
But still whate'er the sense, e'en from the first,
Some things will please, by others 'tis reversed.

XXX

And this is true within the realm of mind;
All forms of beauty do not please the same;
E'en from the first, to some the heart's inclined,
While other forms to admiration's tame.
But still whate'er the form or grace, we find
That these will kindle love into a flame,
Or wake no thrill, according as the mind
Unto that excellence shall be affined.

XXXI

And while 'tis true that we may cultivate
A taste in sense, or in the realm of mind,
For that which we at first abominate,
Or else to which indiff'rently inclined.
Yet this at best true taste will vitiate,
Pervert the inner sense, and make it blind,
Obeying not the law which nature gave,
To our own whims we then become a slave.

XXXII

And I have wondered why it should be so
That some sweet face should so impress the mind,
That from the first, no matter where we go,
We're haunted by its beauty, till we find
It has become a part of life, and though
Our paths may nevermore converge, we bind
The vision to our hearts, as dearer far
Than all with whom we meet and mingle are.

XXXIII

And yet 'tis not the beauty of the face,
Or form, so much, that weaves about our hearts
This strange, sweet spell. In these we only trace
The spirit's inward beauty, which imparts,
Unto the outward form its lovely grace:
'Tis in the beauty of the soul there starts
The strange sweet influence, whose thralldom we
Once having felt no longer would be free.

XXXIV

Like one who looking in a mirror, sees
The beauty of some face, or landscape scene
Reflected there, and gazing long at these,
No more perceives the things which intervene
Between his vision and the scenes which please
His fancy, till at last the mirror e'en,
By which they are displayed, grows dimmer too,
Until 'tis lost and faded from the view.

XXXV

So too, entranced, we look into the eyes
Of those we love, e'en from the first, and see
The spirit's grace and beauty, which there lies
Concealed within their liquid depths and we
Become oblivious, in our glad surprise,
To all things else, when our affinity,
For which the soul has sighed in loneliness,
Responsive comes our longing heart to bless.

XXXVI

Some faces ne'er seem strange to us, although
We never looked on them before. And we
Are drawn to others from the first, we know
Not why, but so it is. There seems to be
A strange mysterious spell which holds us so
We cannot, neither wish we to be free.
Is it because in the eternal plan
God so designed when he created man?

XXXVII

I've sometimes thought, perhaps, (and who will say
That 'tis not true,) that in another state
We all have lived, and loved before, and they
We meeting, love, were then our spirit-mate,
And loved in other sphere. And while God may,
For some wise end, have made us incarnate,
The fleshy veil cannot now wholly hide,
From us, the beauty of our spirit-bride,

XXXVIII

So that when meeting our affinity,
'Twill from the first to each be manifest;
And while no word of love may spoken be,
And possibly may never be confessed;
Yet in one melting glance each soul will see,
And read the secret of the other's breast.
'Twas thus my love and Cynthia's was revealed,
Which later 'mid these wilds our kisses sealed.

XXXIX

I loved thee then, fair maid, and love thee yet,
And though long years with leaden step have passed
Since then, and time and anxious care have set
Their mark upon my brow, and sorrows cast
Their shadows on my path; I'll not forget
What we have been while life itself shall last.
Too long of being thou hast been a part,
For me to tear thine image from my heart.

XL

But there enshrined, the sweetest, purest, best
Of earthly loves, 'twill live till life has fled.
'Twas here where we had paused awhile to rest
Together sitting on this mossy bed,
I held her hand and told my love, and pressed
Her fondly to my breast. She smiling, said
"Sweetheart, I'm glad." O who can tell my bliss,
While leaning o'er I took her offered kiss.

XLI

'Tis said, "no heart was e'er so dark and bare,
But what some ray of light within is shed."
I know not that, but this I can declare,
No richer feast for mine was ever spread.
The pollen of our loves was mingled there,
Two souls with kindred feelings then were wed.
And heav'nly strains seemed floating through these dells,
While angels rang our spirit's wedding bells.

XLII

At least we thought, we felt so then, and who
 So feels, to him it is the same. Our bliss
Or woe springs not from what is false or true,
 But what we do believe. And thinking this,
The future wore for us a reseate hue;
 The present made us glad, And sure there is
No brighter sky than that which bends above
Two kindred souls when first they pledge their love.

XLIII

And yet 'tis strange, for though long years have gone
 Since first I claimed thee as my spirit-bride,
And felt in thought we evermore were one;
 Yet still in dreams I wander by thy side
Amid these wilds as I afore have done,
 Without a thought of all that doth divide
Our lot in life, but happy still are we
As when in youthful years our hands were free.

XLIV

But what is stranger still to me than all,
 Is this, that while our hearts are thus allied,
A diff'rent lot in life should us befall?
 O cruel fate ! and yet I will not chide,
Nor with an unbelieving spirit call
 It such. My Maker's love, such thoughts deride:
There is no chance, there is no accident,
What seemeth such is part of his intent

XLV

We cannot fathom the eternal plan,
Nor read the secrets of his providence.
How shall we murmur then at what we can
Not understand with our poor, feeble sense,
And say that Fate or Chance hath placed a ban
Upon our cherished hopes, without offense?
God's wisdom with our plans may interfere,
While training us for an eternal sphere.

XLVI

If this poor life were all, did we complain,
Or even murmur at the hard decree.
It would not seem so strange, however vain
Our striving here for what we cannot be;
But when we know God's love hath made it plain,
That he for us hath an eternity
Of bliss, and for it seeks to make us fit,
How passing strange if we will not submit.

XLVII

And yet methinks that pure desires, innate,
Which God implants within the human breast,
Must find at last, if in another state,
Their longings satisfied. For why in quest
Of that which can alone those longings sate,
Should man be sent, if not to be possessed?
For opposite each sense man can descry
That which alone that sense can satisfy.

XLVIII

What need God give to man the sense of sight,
If beauty's scene ne'er came before the eye?
What were the sense of taste but mock'ry quite,
If there were naught that sense to gratify?
And why the hearing sense, so exquisite,
If there existed no sweet melody?
Ay, these were useless, all, a vain pretense,
If there were naught to answer to the sense.

XLIX

So pure desires within the soul but prove
Somewhere exists that which those longings sate;
And kindred souls who have a mutual love,
Must mingle here or in another state.
And though apart awhile they're called to rove,
The soul at last shall meet its spirit-mate.
For like the dove with wand'ring weary grown,
'Twill find its rest within its ark alone.

L

So I again shall meet my spirit-bride,
For whom my heart so long has sighed in vain;
And as amid these wilds, then side by side,
We'll wander o'er the bright Elysian plain,
And these soul longings shall be satisfied,
When I am basking in her smiles again.
Till then our earthly mission we'll fulfill,
And in submission wait our Maker's will.

CANTO II.

I

How oft in summer time have I reclined
 Upon this mossy couch in some wild dream
Of time, of death, of spirit, soul or mind,
 And wondered if when freed 'tis what we deem?
Or else to nature's beauties thought inclined,
 I turned me to yon lympid mountain stream,
Which 'mid its music plunges down the steep—
How oft life's end is like that brooklet's leap.

II

And I have wondered when the spirit leaves
 Its clay, and enters on the life unknown,
If it for earthly scenes once loved, e'er grieves?
 Or has it in the higher life outgrown
It's love for these? Or if it still perceives
 The love of those behind, whose heart is lone,
And desolate, and sad, when they are dead,
And in our grief will not be comforted?

III

And I have wondered if they do not come
 Sometimes, when life seems dark and drear—
When our poor heart, with some great sorrow, dumb,
 Sinks down beneath a load we cannot bear;
I've wondered if they do not then, by some,
 Strange, loving, influence, while hovering near,
Unto our fainting souls new strength impart,
Which helps to lift the burden from our heart?

IV

For well we know their love for us while here,
Would not have failed at any sacrifice;
Can death have power to render us less dear
To them who love us, when their body dies?
We know they loved us and believe them near,
Nor would we think of it as otherwise,
Then, if permitted, would they now do less
Than then, in order to our happiness?

V

And shall we question this when God declares,
That they are guardian angels which are "sent
To minister to them who shall be heirs
Of life?" And what by "minister" is meant
But one who serves, and in his office shares
Part of the burden under which we're bent ?
Sure then they come to help in our distress,
And labor to secure our happiness.

VI

I love to think of those whom I have known
And loved in other years as being near
Me still, and that the sympathy once shown
Amid my sorrows and my conflicts here,
Still lives within their breast. But while they're gone
And will to mortal sight no more appear—
How comforting the thought that they abide,
Though in a spirit form, still near my side.

VII

And that they understand the cares that press
 Upon my heart, and read with "open face,"
My hopes and fears, my motives, and distress
 Of soul, which in my heart and life have place,
For are they not set forth as "witnesses"
 Of those contending in the Christian race?
How could they in our race a "witness" be
If they cannot our secret conflicts see?

VIII

By faith and purity this race is run,
 Upon whose issue will our bliss depend;
And motive is the true criterion,
 That will determine for us in the end,
If we eternal life have lost or won.
 From them our motives hid, I apprehend
Their "witnessing" can them nor us do good
Without the inner life were understood.

IX

To feel that those we once so fondly loved
 Are near us still, and see our inward strife,
Though from our mortal sight by death removed,
 Will make us better in our heart and life.
For who can think of one who faithful proved
 To us while here amid temptations rife,
As sadly grieving o'er our perverse mood,
Without an earnest longing to be good?

X

I had a brother once who was my high
Ideal of all that's good; and from a lad
His life was faultless. For he modeled by
The perfect pattern of his Lord. He had
A genial, sunny heart, that would deny
No favor which could make another glad.
By word and deed he sought to bring relief,
When'er he knew another's need or grief.

XI

He was my boyhood's mate and counselor,
The one true friend, to whom I could confide
My every grief, and look for sympathy. For
His heart to mine most closely was allied;
And to betray my trust he would abhor.
He too was nature's child, and side by side,
We oft together sought the voiceless woods,
Or roamed amid these awful solitudes.

XII

These scenes inspired his soul with reverence,
And turned his thoughts above to nature's Lord.
He often spoke of his firm confidence
In all that God has promised in His Word,
And begged me there to make Him my defense.
And O how often has my soul been stirred,
While through his tears he told of Jesus' love,
And prayed that we at last might meet above.

XIII

'Twas his sweet spirit, and his earnest prayer,
That turned my wayward heart at last to God;
And while that I His pardoning love might share
I long was passing 'neath correction's rod,
Still turns my heart to him who brought me there,
But while his form lies molding 'neath the sod
Far from these scenes, upon a southern shore,
And in the flesh I'll see his face no more;

XIV

Yet he's not dead to me; but with me still,
Though in the spirit form. In dreams I hear
His voice, and see his face; and over hill,
And dell, and mountain top, by lympid mere,
Through tangled brake, and by the babbling rill,
And ev'rywhere through scenes to us once dear,
We wander yet as in the years gone by,
Still happy in each other's company.

XV

And this sweet thought; he loves me still, and yet
Is near my side, and seeks my happiness,
As in the years ago, when snares beset
My youthful feet; and that the cares which press
Upon my heart, and all my sad regret
For follies past, are understood no less
By him than then, makes me the harder strive
That like that brother, I may faultless live.

XVI.

But O to think that he now lost to view,
 Who loved with me to roam these wilds so dear,
With anxious heart is waiting to renew,
 In more endearing ties, and higher sphere,
That love we each once for the other knew;
 A gladness brings for my lone spirit's cheer,
And helps me better guide my straying feet
While waiting for the time when we shall meet.

CANTO III.

I

Sometimes reclining on this mossy bed,
In meditation I've been lost, while I
Have watched the fleecy clouds far overhead,
As lazily they crept across the sky;
And thought has left the beaten track to tread
A path unused, to find the reason why,
God should make man at all, him to befriend
When knowing what 'twould cost him in the end.

II

And I have thought how wonderful that love,
When man his Maker's will dared to defy,
That God in his compassion, from above
Should send the brightest Messenger on high,
To save poor sinful man, and more, to prove
His matchless love, should take his place and die!
O with such proof of love who can despair?
Or doubt his heav'nly Father's anxious care?

III

But who will dare restrict his pardoning grace
To this poor child of earth, rebellious man?
Or say that when in death he took our place,
That this contains the whole redemptive plan?
Who will assume its mysteries to trace?
Or tell us when redemption first began?
The counsels of eternity, unmasked,
Alone can answer what we here have asked.

IV

Man knows but little, but affects the rest—
Assumes the mind of Deity to read,
And of his secret will to be possessed,
Then for himself constructs a darling creed,
Which he affirms as true, though only guessed;
If others then will not his claim concede,
Proceeds to doom them to eternal death,
Because they can't pronounce his shibboleth.

V

And so 'twas with the Pharisees of old,
Than whom a meaner lot ne'er cursed the earth,
Assuming they in morals were "pure gold,"
Because the sons of Abraham by birth;
While others all, they cast outside the fold,
And counted as refuse, and nothing worth.
But while themselves the vilest of the lot,
Assumed they were without a single blot.

VI

And this bold spirit of self righteousness,
Has cursed the earth in each succeeding age,
Refusing God the right vile man to bless,
Till tested by their own sectarian gauge.
In fact, till he their dogma shall profess,
Poor man's a fool. But suddenly a sage
Becomes, and numbered is with God's elect,
Should he espouse the tenets of their sect.

VII

But once committed to some straight-laced creed,
In thought, man often is no longer free,
But follows on where others choose to lead,
Without a thought of what the truth may be.
And like a nestling waiting for its feed,
With open mouth he gulps down greedily,
Whate'er is given, without a thought of what
Is swallowed, whether proper food or not.

VIII

But should he climb outside his little nest,
And on his own account seek for his food,
Or what is much the same, should he in quest
Of truth, give to his thought more latitude,
And look beyond the creed he has professed;
The church misjudging his true attitude,
And with her own importance much inflated,
Demands that he be excommunicated.

IX

With his importance man is so possessed,
That he persuades himself it would entail
A fearful loss on heav'n were he not blessed.
And yet those once in beings higher scale,
The fallen angels, who forsook their rest,
He dooms to darkness and eternal bale,
Without the help of One to intercede,
Denying them that mercy he would plead.

X

Now while their sin I seek not to deny,
Nor yet excuse before my Father's face;
Still in my humble verse I'd simply try
To more exalt the glory of his grace,
For who will say for us he passed them by,
When at our best we held a lower place?
Which more, think you, his glory doth enhance,
To give to them or us another chance?

XI

You answer, "In God's image *man* was made," *
'Tis thus the Bible reads, and it is true,
But how know we ('tis not revealed) that they'd
Not shared like we that heav'nly image too?
Shall they be higher still and not arrayed
In so much glory as poor mortals, who
Are close imprisoned in a house of clay,
While they were free to sport in endless day?

XII

'Tis not a question which will more enhance
His glory, us or them, the Lord to save;
But whether, if to each he gave a chance,
Were greater still, than if to one he gave?
And one can see but at a single glance
'Twere better more were freed than one poor slave.
For more were magnified his wondrous grace
In saving two lost worlds than one poor race.

*Gen. 1:27.

XIII

But is there ought to warrant God would bless
And save those spirits from eternal death?
The greatness of his mercy answers, yes,
For all he loves whom he has given breath.
He says, "All knees shall bow and tongues confess
*Of things in heav'n, and earth and *underneath*."
Who are these last if not the doomed host,
From heaven banished, angel spirits lost?

XIV

And this confession on the bended knee,
Is not confession of unwilling praise;
But springing up in spontaniety,
The heart's affection pours its grateful lays.
All classes named alike shall rev'rent be,
While each his tribute of affection pays.
Unitedly their God they glorify
Because they *live*, and not because they *die*.

XV

Does not God tell us in his Sacred Word,
That, "By his blood he reconciled *all things*
Unto himself?" And this he hath averred
"*Of things in heav'n* *and earth?" This surely brings
Within the pale of mercy here referred,
The spirits lost. For who will say there clings
To any of God's great and *heav'nly* host
A stain of sin, except to spirits lost?

*Phil. 2:10.

*Col. 1:20.

XVI

But how can God redeem the spirits, lost,
Or make atonement as he did for man?
For while conjectural it may seem at most
'Tis this which I conceive to be the plan:
For though it be at an infinite cost,
I'm sure in order to remove the ban,
God's wisdom and his love doth so abound,
That He would find a way could it be found.

XVII

Before the world was formed, by sin and shame,
These spirits lost their high, exalted state,
Who knows that God in seeking to reclaim,
Did not for them this mundane sphere create?
Who knows, in short, that we are not the same?
That to redeem God made us incarnate?
Then by the incarnation of his Son,
And his atoning blood, we might be won?

XVIII

For these were spirits, all, and so is He,
And with such natures evermore must live;
Whate'er their natures might be formerly,
Another nature God must take and give,
Before for sin atonement there could be,
Or erring souls its benefits receive.
For "without blood" *is the Divine decision,
For sinning souls, "there can be no remission."

*Heb. 9:22.

XIX

These spirits all, were banished from their blest
 Abode, and they must now forever roam
 As wanderers in space, without a rest,
 Unless God should provide another home.
 For with their sins unpardoned, unconfessed,
 Among the sinless they could never come.
 And who shall say that God did not provide
 This world for them that they might here abide?

XX

Do we not read that on the plains of light,
 Once Michael fought against this rebel host,
 Who seeking to attain to greater height
 Of power, contended to the uttermost;
 But when their armies had been put to flight,
 And all that they possessed, or hoped was lost,
 Down from the battlements of heav'n at last,
 This, host, discomfited "*to earth was cast?*"*

XXI

And is not he who is their chief and head
 Declared to be the "prince" of this lost sphere?"
 Did Christ deny his claim when once he spread
 The kingdoms of this world before him here,
 While standing on temptation's mount, and said,
 "If my authority thou wilt revere,
 All of this power and glory thine shall be
For these have been delivered unto me ?"†

†Luke 4-6.

•Rev. 12:9.

XXII

You say that, "hell has been for them prepared."

And so it has for thus the Bible reads,
Yet you'll allow that it is also shared
By man, if he God's mercy will not plead.
But still those spirits, lost, thus far are spared,
(Who'll say 'tis not because One interceeds?)
For to that place they have not yet been sent,
Nor yet received their final punishment.

XXIII

Why should they homeless wander then so long?
And why their punishment so long delayed,
If not because God would forgive their wrong
Through the atonement Christ has made;
That they again might join the heav'nly throng,
From which by sinning they so long have strayed?
Believing, to repent he gives them space,
More honors God than limiting his grace.

XXIV

You say, "such doctrine is both strange and new,
And differs from all we before have heard;
And therefore cannot be received as true,
For at the best it only is inferred."
Things are not true because they're old; that view
Would give to error all that has endeared
The truth to guileless hearts. For error swayed
Its scepter ere the world itself was made.

XXV

Bur few of all the doctrines taught by men
Today, but what have only been inferred ;
No real support to them is given when
Appeal is made unto the lit'ral word.
In every creed some truth is found, again
Much more that's contradictory and absurd.
While man his creed believes, and inculcates,
Yet only few its truth investigates.

XXVI

We hold this creed, or that because, forsooth,
Our fathers held it in the years ago;
And we were taught it in our early youth,
As wisdom's whole, and the *sine qua non*
Of all that God requires in gospel truth ;
But few of those who build their hopes upon
These man-made creeds, e'er give a moment's thought
To what they sanction, whether true or not.

XXVII

It seems almost a sacrilege to call
In question what our parents held and taught,
Because we know they loved us, and in all
They did for us, it was our good they sought.
And hence they would not willingly enthrall
Our souls with error's chain. Yet we should not
Forget that truth alone can make us free,
And truth and creeds do not always agree.

XXVIII

How far apart mere creeds and truth may be,
Yet claim the same, is seen in this : men teach
"There are three *persons* in the Trinity,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost ; that each
Is of like substance, and infinity;
In all things, each is God, with reach
Of power alike unlimited. And claim
In every attribute they are the same." *

XXIX

They tell us too, at the same time, "these three
Are but one God," impersonal, "without
A form, or shape, or parts." How this can be,
Or how this contradiction comes about—
Three personages are but one, and he
Impersonal, 'tis strange, and yet to doubt,
Is to declare yourself an infidel,
Akin in spirit to the fiends of hell.

XXX

How can three distinct Gods, or persons fill
Immensity of space, and equal be
In all things absolute, while yet they still
Are one? How can one fill immensity,
And yet leave room for others? Whoever will,
May wonder at this so called "mystery."
In purpose, there may be an unity
Of three, but not in *personality*.

*Methodist Discipline.

XXXI

Such doctrines are an insult to our sense,
And holding such but makes our reason blind ;
Nor can we by a proper inference,
Such doctrines in the sacred writings find.
Man's moral darkness surely must be dense
Indeed, if he believes that God designed,
Man should accept as truth, what is not true,
And stultify his reason so to do.

XXXII

To merge three sep'rate persons into one,
Destroys the *personality* of each.
Then where are now your Gods? For all are gone,
And what is worse (for this is what 'twill teach),
The one in which the three are merged, *is none*,
For he's *impersonal*. Such is the reach
Of human wisdom when man in his pride,
No longer makes his Maker's word his guide.

XXXIII

God nowhere tells us there's more Gods than one,
Or that *three persons form the Trinity*.
This is a wild conceit of man alone,
For even devils know that cannot be,
For did they not aspire to share his throne
And fail in their attempt ingloriously ?
Have we not learned our fed'ral head,
Was for a like offense discomfited ? *

*Gen. 3-5.

XXXIV

Was not God's quarrel with his Israel,
And all the other nations of the past,
Because they multiplied their gods, and fell
Into idolatry? Whoever cast
Aside God's Truth, the rule infallible,
That did not pay the penalty at last?
And is God now less jealous for his Truth,
Than when the world was in the flush of youth?

XXXV

Shall foolish man go on from age to age,
Repeating still the errors of the past;
While clearer light beams from the Sacred page,
For all who will receive it, than was cast
On those who framed the dogmas, which engage
The earnest thought and effort of that vast
And mighty throng, who worship at the shrine
Of Him they love and honor as Divine?

XXXVI

Sure their authority to frame a creed,
No greater is than that of other men.
They were no more inspired than we, indeed,
They did not even claim to be. Why then
Should we, unquest'ning suffer them to lead
Our thoughts in things of such importance, when
Our judgment and our own salvation, too.
Demand the proof if they be false or true?

XXXVII

The Scriptures plainly teach there is but *one* *
True God, supreme, eternal, and divine;
 But while sometimes he's called the Father, Son,
 Or Holy Ghost, there is no more design
 To teach plurality of Gods, than none
 At all. These diff'rent names at most define
 His offices in the redemptive plan,
 Which he devised for saving sinful man.

XXXVIII

As Father, he is the progenitor
 Of each and every soul; and as the Son,
 He is "the only begotten one," for
 "The Father's fullness dwelt in him," alone.
 As Holy Ghost, the operator, or
 Regenerating power, proceeds from one,
 Conjoined. So in these offices combined,
 He seeks the reclamation of mankind.

XXXIX

Jehovah of the older Testament
 And Jesus of the New, are but the same. †
 Not by these diff'rent titles is there meant
 A diff'rent God, but only diff'rent name.
 And when into the world we read, "he sent
 His Son," it means 'twas God himself who came—
 Who took a human form and dwelt therein,
 And in this dual nature purged our sin.

*Isa. 44:6, 8; 45:6; Deut. 4:35; Luke 12:29.

†Isa. 9:6; 45:21; 63:16; Hos 13:4; Ps. 19:14; John
 12:44, 45; 14:8; 10:30.

XL

He took those natures with him to the skies,
Together linking them forevermore ;
Nor does the Sacred Scriptures authorize
The story of another God, who bore
Our sin and shame. But 'twas the same allwise
And merciful Redeemer we adore.
Whate'er the name by which he may be known,
He is the same, and He is God alone.

XLI

Isaiah once with deep, prophetic ken,
Declared Jehovah, God, and said, "beside *
No Savior is" prepared for fallen men ;
And further looking down the length'ning tide
Of years, he saw this God incarnate, when
The Christ was born, and to him then applied
Those God-like titles, as his equal claim,
With "*Everlasting Father*" as his name.

XLII

To Philip Christ declared, "Who hath seen one †
The other, too, hath seen." How this can be
If the Almighty Father, and the Son,
Are not the same, is more a "mystery"
Than all the threads of fancy which are spun
By creedsmen, when they tell us, "there are three
Distinct and sep'rate *persons*. when combined,
Make but one God and Savior of mankind."

*Isa. 43:2.

†John 14:9.

XLIII

And does not John also declare the Word *

Which was made flesh and dwelt with men, to be
The same Jehovah and eternal Lord

Who formed the worlds, and made the land and sea?
If he were not the same could we accord

To him the honor due infinity
Of power, without offence, since he has said,
To *him alone* our homage shall be paid?

XLIV

Tis plain the first disciples recognized

That all these names and titles meant the same,

If not, why are we told that "they baptized

The multitude alone in *Jesus'* name?" †

In that the creedsmen have three Gods devised,

When these, and all, his unity proclaim,
But shows that theories when preconceived,
Are oft more readily than truth believed.

XLV

If men sought less to bolster up a creed

They cannot prove, and more for truth alone ;

If child-like they would suffer God to lead

Their feet along the way which he has shown,

They would not then a thousand proof-texts need,

To demonstrate the doctrine, *God is one*.

But with their minds enlightened they would see,

And understand much now called "mystery."

*1, 1 and 14.

†Acts 2-38.

XLVI

What is a revelation unrevealed
To human reason, but a mockery?
And has our God his being so concealed,
We may not know if he is "one" or "three?"
But still must blindly worship what is sealed,
And ignorantly call it "mystery?"
It is not so. Such teaching is a fraud,
Alike dishonoring to man and God.

XLVII

And yet this is the creed of Christendom,
"Three Gods in one," and he impersonal ;
And who does not up to this standard come,
Is counted, at the best, heretical.
Why should we wonder if the world turns from
A doctrine, while it is unscriptural,
At the same time, outrages common sense,
And renders reason but a vain pretense.

XLVIII

But then how contradictory and absurd,
The doctrines springing from such theory ;
It does not seem the thought to them occurred,
What they affirm, as strongly they deny ;
While for each God they claim in deed and word,
The same perfections and equality ;
They then contrast the character of each,
And prove there is no truth in what they teach.

XLIX

Of God, the Father, in redemption's plan,
This is the picture that the creedsman draws :
"God looks and lo ! his creature, erring man,
Has through temptation trampled on his laws,
God's vengeance is aroused, on man the ban
Of endless death is placed, nor will God cause
His anger to abate, nor yet relent,
But will inflict the fearful punishment.

L

Of Satan's being God did not apprise
Poor man, 'tis true ; he finds it out too late.
He comes upon the scene in friendly guise—
With pleasant speech he lures man to his fate.
God drives weak man out of his paradise,
And posts two flaming swordsmen at the gate.
"Go, miscreant, toil, and eat thy bread
In sorrow, till thy mortal life has fled.

LI

"And she, the partner of thy joys, shall share
With thee thy punishment and thy disgrace ;
And greatly shall be multiplied her care,
And anguish, as the mother of her race ;
Yea, all of thy posterity shall bear
With thee thy guilt, nor mercy shall efface,
For God is now thy foe, nor will befriend,
But hell shall be thy portion in the end.

LII

“But now another God comes on the scene,
So runs the creed that erring man has made,
He is the Christ, but yet of gentler mien,
Than is the Father, who in anger laid
The curse on man. He comes to intercede
Between an irate God and him who strayed ;
His heart is all compassion, nor can bear
The thought of man's destruction or despair.

LIII

“He covers not man's sin, nor does deny,
But pleads for mercy in man's sore distress—
“Why should poor sinful man be doomed to die,
While Heaven boasts his pleasure is to bless?
And why compassion to the weak deny,
Since mercy shown makes not thy glory less?”
'Tis vain, the Father's wrath will not subside
Until his justice shall be satisfied.

LIV

“Then pleads the Son, ‘O righteous Father, spare
Poor erring man, and I will liquidate
His debt ; I'll take the culprit's place, and share
His shame, and by becoming incarnate,
Will magnify thy broken law, and bear
The penalty pronounced on the ingrate ;
Upon the cruel cross my life I'll give
If but the guilty sinner still may live.’

LV

“And now begins the Father to relent,
 Since he accepts the proffered sacrifice ;
He will remit the sinner's punishment,
 When in his place the loving Savior dies.
The contract's made, and Jesus now is sent
 Into this sinful world in fleshly guise,
To turn an angry Father's wrath aside,
When by Christ's death the law is magnified.

LVI

“His earthly life begins in humble state,
 Born in a stable where the beasts are fed,
And while he greatest is among the great,
 A manger was his lowly cradle bed.
And without cause, e'en from the first, the hate
 Of man sought for his life, until he fled *
For safety from the murd'rous hand of those
Who should have been his friends, instead of foes.

LVII

“His faultless life was spent in doing good,
 In soothing sorrow, and relieving pain.
By kind, and loving ministries, which should
 Have led the erring back to truth again,
He sought their love. But while misunderstood,
 Maligned, abused, yet he did not complain.
For this was but a part he came to bear,
To save man from destruction and despair.

*Matt. 13, 3.

LVIII

“He sympathized with men in all their grief,
And for them tasted ev’ry cup of woe.
In ev’ry sorrow sought to bring relief,
And turned his cheek that he might take the blow
Which men deserved. Yet he was counted ‘chief
Of sinners,’ and religion’s deadly foe;
Because his holy life and words reproved,
The wicked hearts and lives of those he loved.

LIX

“Then in their settled purposes of hate,
Men planned his death, and sought for means whereby
They might compass their end, for nought could sate
Their murd’rous instinct, but to crucify
Their blessed Lord. But while inviolate,
And safe that precious life, he chose to die,
So that the “*Father might be reconciled*”
Unto his erring, wayward, earthly child.

LX

At least, this is the now accepted creed
Of men. How variant from the truth appears
In this: The Scriptures nowhere teach the need
One die to melt the Father’s heart to tears.
So great his love and pity is, we read
“While yet we sinners were,” God more endears
Himself to fallen man, in that “he gave
His Son that we eternal life might have.”

LXI

Were he so angry as the creeds of men
Have taught, for the infraction of his laws,
That he with devils damned poor man would pen
In fierce, infernal fires, why should he pause
Amid his stormy wrath, to seek again,
By priceless sacrifice, if he may cause
These hell-deserving rebels to retrace
Their steps, and seek an injured Father's face?

LXII

Besides, if Christ the sinner's debt has paid—
If he became the culprit's substitute,
And by his death atonement for man made,
Thus settling all the questions in dispute
Where is the Father's mercy then displayed,
If man's salvation now becomes the fruit
Of Christ's redemption—not the Father's grace—
Since right, not mercy, gives the sinner place?

LXIII

If some unfeeling Shylock held your bond,
Whose forfeit took away your liberty,
And if the sum you owed was far beyond
All you were worth, or ever hoped to be,
If in your need some friend both true and fond,
Should pay your debt and thereby set you free,
Where were the mercy on that Shylock's part,
Since he is paid, to let you now depart?

LXIV

“The quality of mercy is not strained,
But like the gentle rain it doth descend
Upon the place beneath;” tis free, unchained,
Spontaneous, nor with a selfish end,
Is it found waiting till it hath obtained
Some satisfaction, ere it will befriend.
Where is our Father’s mercy then displayed,
If ’twas refused until our debt was paid !

LXV

How can we laud and magnify his name,
Whose purpose was our ruin, nor would relent
Until, as say the creeds, another came
And saved us from the threat’ned punishment ?
Who merits most our love, who bore our blame ?
Or he, to punish us was so intent ?
And who that holds such creed gives equal praise
To him whose mercy spares, and him who slays ?

LXVI

’Twas not God’s anger ’gainst his earthly child,
That brought the blessed Christ down from above,
To make atonement for the sin defiled;
But greatness of the Father’s love to prove;
That by this proof, *man might be reconciled*
To God, and understand how great his love.
He died not to remove a Father’s hate,
But that he might *the world conciliate*. *

*2 Cor. 5:19.

LXVII

And yet the creeds of weak, misguided man
 Depict the Father as implacable,
Relentless in his wrath, and rather than
 To erring, sinful man be merciful.
And magnify his grace thereby, the ban
 Of endless death he never would annul,
Until his Son of love and innocence,
Should bear the penalty of man's offence.

LXVIII

While on the other hand the creeds declare,
 "The second person in the Trinity,"
So pitied fallen man in his despair,
 That rather than that he accursed should be,
Christ took our place that he himself might bear
 For sinful man his shame and penalty;
And by his death our sin and guilt remove,
That we might know the wonders of his love.

LXIX

But still in ev'ry attribute and grace,
 The creedsmen tell us that these Gods are "one"—
The Maker and Redeemer of our race—
 A cruel Father and a loving Son.
In one, compassion has its native place;
 Of mercy, in the other, there is none.
With their description who could e'en begin,
To think these Gods are in the least akin?

LXX

But how can they be one when so diverse
In every feature of their character ?
While one in mercy would remove our curse,
Our woe, the other's pity cannot stir.
Which were the better God, or which the worse ?
Cannot but to the thought of man occur ;
And who can equal homage pay to them,
If while one saves, the other doth condemn ?

LXXI

But what is worse, for this the creed implies :
So vengeful is the Father's spirit yet,
Or else forgetful of the sacrifice
The Son has made in payment of our debt,
That Christ is represented in the skies
Reminding God, the Father, he has met
The claims of justice, lest God shall forget
And visit vengeance on the sinner yet.

LXXII

O who believes the Father of us all
Is such a hard, unfeeling God as this ?
Or who believing this, on Him can call
In hope of pardon and eternal bliss ?
It is not true. For though our guilt appall,
So great his mercy and compassion is,
He stooped from heav'n and took a servants place,
And sacrificed himself to save our race.

LXXIII

If man has missed the truth so far in this—

To multiply his Gods, and give to each
A character diverse, so that there is

No harmony between, and yet still teach
That “three are one;” may he not also miss

The mark in other things, and overreach
The truth, when he to spirits lost denies
The mercy of that God he glorifies ?

LXXIV

I'd rather err by far on mercy's side,

And God's compassion for lost spirits claim,
Though great their sin ; since he has not denied

His grace to me, than with man's creed defame
My Father's character, and thereby hide

The glory due unto his holy name,
By thinking him unmerciful and wild
With rage against his erring, earthly child.

LXXV

He's good, and kind, and merciful, I know,

And not revengeful, as the creeds have said;
His nature and his name is love, and though

Some far from righteousness and truth have strayed,
Yet his compassion and his mercy go

To each and every creature he has made.
Why should they then who lost their first estate
Become the objects of our Father's hate ?

LXXVI

He says that, "I am God, and changeth not,"
 "Today, and yesterday, and evermore
The same." Then surely he has not forgot
 The love he bore these fallen ones before
They wandered into sin. Nor will he blot
 Them from the book of life, but will restore
All to their former place, howe'er estranged,
Who heed his love; for they, not He, are changed.

LXXVII

And what is there about this theory
 That doth antagonize God's love or word?
It is our doubts that make it hard to see
 How wonderful the mercy of the Lord.
How many things have proved a "mystery,"
 Because our weak and halting faith demurred.
Now which more strange, this earthly, fleshly state
For them, then God himself be incarnate?

LXXVIII

Say you, "In spirit then we devils are,
 And from these evil ones we did descend?"
Did not our Savior too, the same declare?
 Of all who do against the truth offend?
Some hold that we by evolution share
 The nature of the ape, or so pretend,
Which better then can we in thought abide,
The demon's spirit, or the monkey's hide?

*John 8:8

LXXIX

But from the Scriptures it appears that all
 These spirits, lost, will not be incarnate,
 Before earth hears the judgment trumpet call;
 For Christ, we read, while in the spirit state,
 His body dead within the charnal wall,
 By his own spirit did communicate
 To spirits, lost, within their prison pent, †
 The blessed gospel which to us is sent.

LXXX

You say, "That preaching was in Noah's day,
 Through inspiration of that godly man,
 And that those sinners who then went astray,
 Are now in hell beneath infernal ban."
 Why is it then of these, the Scriptures say,
 "They may be judged" according to God's plan
 "As fleshly men," "but in the spirit" still
 "Live unto God" *—obedient to his will?

LXXXI

If in this "preaching," Noah here is meant,
 Why is it that the record makes the claim
 For Christ? We find when mortal men were sent
 Upon like missions, they are called by name;
 And if 'twas Noah, and not Christ who went,
 The record doubtless then would be the same.
 The plainest Scriptures men sometimes pervert,
 To countenance the doctrines they assert.

†1 Pet. 4, 6, 3:19.

*1 Pet. 4, 6.

LXXXII

And this perversion never would have been,
 If when men read this text they had not thought
 That in deliv'rance from the power of sin,
 For man, a second trial here is taught.
 They thought the "preaching" mentioned was to *men*,
 And by their far-fetched exegesis sought
 To break its force. No second trial's given,
 One trial fits our souls for hell or heav'n.

LXXXIII

But these were part of that unnumbered host,
 Who once by sinning lost their high estate;
 Perhaps the leaders of these spirits lost,
 But now confined within their prison gate;
 Denied the glorious privilege of most—
 I mean of ever being incarnate,
 For by this incarnation there is given,
 An honor which is not excelled in heav'n.

LXXXIV

For "these vile bodies like Christ's glorious one,"*
 Shall yet be made, for we "like him shall be,"
 And shine forever like the noonday sun,"
 But while denied the glories others see
 Through incarnation, these may yet be won.
 For this the purpose of that ministry—
 That "like men in the flesh, judgment receive,
 But in the spirit unto God might live."

*Phil. 3:3; John 3:2; Matt. 13:43; 1 Pet. 4:6,

LXXXV

In human hearts our evil is innate,
 And to pursue it is our native bent.
 How sad to love the things which we should hate,
 And hate the things for which our good is meant.
 Why is this so? Did God man thus create,
 And bias all his powers for devilment?
 If God is good how could he make man thus?
 The very thought is blasphemous.

LXXXVI

If God is not the author then of sin,
 And therefore cannot sinful souls create,
 And if our spirits, vile, now housed within,
 Had not a being in another state;
 Or if they with the earthly life begin,
 How then I ask did they originate?
 Where came they from, and whither do they go!
 Who is their father, God, man, devil, who?

LXXXVII

You say, "A fallen nature is the spring,
 Or source, from which our souls receive their bent,
 The evil bias which to mortals cling,
 To us has been transmitted by descent."*
 But evil cannot be an abstract thing,
 Apart; but simply is an accident,
 Or quality, expressive of a kind
 In the angelic or the human mind.

*Watson Institutes. Ralston's Elements Divinity.

LXXXVIII

If this wrong bias is inherited,
And we are vile because our parents were;
If this is why the best are vile, instead
Of pure, when first we have our being here ;
Why then are children, whose paternal head
By grace divine have been converted, ere
Themselves were born, not free from sin's disgrace,
So universal to the human race ?

LXXXIX

If like begets its like, which all allow
Is true respecting *sinful* men, why then
Should it seem difficult for us to bow
To this same truth applied to others, when
Their hearts and lives are purified, and now
Are no more sinful, like they once have been?
Does not the making of the fountain pure,
The cleansing of the stream also insure ?

XC

It must be so, if that the sinful bent
Which warps our natures is inherited;
Unless redeeming grace which God has sent
For our recovery, unmerited,
Less potent is, than sin for devilment.
And whose the heart but what dispirited
Would feel, to think God's power to save is less,
Than that of sin to blast our happiness.

XCI

But not of bent; but *spirit* we enquire,
Which has its dwelling in the human breast ;
Is this transmitted by a sinful sire ?
Is he the father of the soul unblessed ?
Whence comes this *spirit* with its wrong desire,
This *soul* depraved, of which each is possessed ?
Is man the procreator of the whole,
Progenitor of body. and of soul ?

XCII

You say "He is, that by traduction, he
His soul and body from his sire received ;
Both in the sire existed seminally,*
And being in the world from him derives."
With Nicodemus, "How can these things be?"
Besides, such monstrous doctrines, who believes?
Which then, we ask, is father to the soul ?
Or did they exercise a joint control ?

XCIII

If like begets its like, then each its own
Must shape ; or jointly now they must unite ;
Or else the whole must fall to one alone.
Which theory, think you, is nearer right ?
For all cannot be true, if either one,
Does soul beget the soul ? This were a flight
Of fancy, sure, without a parallel,
Which common sense will hasten to repel.

*Ralston's Elements of Divinity.

XCIV

But will you say, this is a joint affair,
And both their proper parts assimilate,
And in the secret laboratory, where
The human doth assume his compound state
The one the spirit's essence doth prepare,
The other builds and shapes the fleshy crate,
Which is to hold the other, like a cage
Confines a bird, from infancy to age?

XCV

Such theories as this, seem beautiful
As pictures of the fancy, I suppose,
And doubtless calculated are to gull
The simple and unthinking herd ; but those
Who weigh what they receive are not so dull,
As to subscribe to what their reason knows
Cannot be proved, or properly inferred,
But rather is ridiculously absurd,

XCVI

But is the body then the sire of both,
The living soul, and animated clay?
Sure, if the spirit "seminally doth
Reside in sire," there is no other way.
For nature hath decreed that life and growth
Initially is by the germs decay.
And sure the soul immortal in the one,
Cannot expire in sire and live in son.

XCVII

In things material 'tis doubtless true,
That life may even come from death. When dies
The seed, a resurrection doth renew
The life in other form. But this applies
Not to immortal beings. Spirits do
Not die, neither the full-fledged ones that rise
On buoyant wings to heav'n's dazzling glow,
Nor tiny germinals in embryo.

XCVIII

That is, if there can be such things, which I
Am free to say, nowise can I receive.
The notion of a spirit-germ doth try
One's credence far beyond what we conceive.
And yet if spirits are "seminally
Produced,' all this is what we must believe.
This is materialism, the rankest kind,
And ends with making matter one with mind.

XCIX

Or rather more, for any numbskull knows
The maker greater is than what he made.
And if the body on the soul bestows
Its life, 'tis to a lesser then conveyed.
(This would be plainer if I wrote in prose,)
That being surely is of lower grade,
Who for his life and being is in debt,
Unto a higher power, which did beget.

C

The human body is the house of clay,
In which the spirit for a time resides,
It cannot sing, or dance; or sin or pray,
Or even move, without the spirit guides';
The first will perish with this life's short day,
The other's being evermore abides.
Weak man this tabernacle may present,
But he cannot create the resident.

CI

God never gave to man such power as this—
With endless being us to curse or bless,
According to our bent for woe or bliss
Which by inheritance we may possess.
Such thoughts degrade his character and is
Arraignment of our Maker's righteousness.
Which were the worse, to make a sinful man,
Or delegate that power, so others can?

CII

If God's pure nature then will not allow
That he shall being give to sinful man ;
Nor yet a sinful being will endow
With power wherewith to propagate his ban ;
Then who will tell us where, or when, or how
Our *spirits evil being* first began;
If God those spirits does not incarnate,
Which lost by sin their first exalted state?

CIII

It must be so. Those spirits lost, forlorn,
God's love will find a way to win again ;
His weaker creatures he can never scorn,
Then how shall he his greater leave in pain ?
To each he gives, who in the world is born,
A tenement of clay, where they remain,
Until by faith in the incarnate Son,
Again their first estate is lost or won.

CIV

And so 'twill be till all that myriad host,
Shall have a part in the redemptive scheme,
Which was prepared at such infinite cost,
Our fallen, sinful natures to redeem.
Then saved forever, or forever lost,
Will end the panorama of earth's dream.
Redemption's mission then will be fulfilled,
When each has found the destiny he willed.

CANTO IV.

I

But climb we now yon tow'ring height whose head
Seems lifted up to heav'n. Rough is the way,
And toilsome. Be it so ; if we would tread
Where nature's beauties lie, we shall not stray
By purling streams, or through the flow'ry mead
Alone. It is not only where the gay
And fanciful in nature doth abound,
The beautiful, reached but by toil, is found.

II

So too, the excellence which we attain,
Oft purchased is by many a sigh and groan ;
By weary watchings, and through toil and pain,
By him who only lives for self, unknown,
We rise above each base desire, and train
Our souls for heav'n. And truly that alone
Is beauty and true excellence, where we
In life, are imitating Deity.

III

Hail, stern old cliff, whose quiet solitude
Not oft by tread of impious man defiled ;
Whose walls from the primeval dawn have stood
The same, as when by Nature's hand uppled,
To him who loves on nature's charms to brood,
Ay, thou art grandly beautiful, and wild,
Whether the summer's verdure bath thee crowned,
Or winter's fleecy mantle wraps the round.

IV

And who but he, whose bloom of heart, the blight
Of sin hath all destroyed, or else ere yet
The bud of hope had blossomed in the light
Of purer love, his sun of joy is set,
And now with pious impulse deadened quite ;
In whom remembrance wakes no sad regret
For follies past, will dare to scorn the thought,
That man is nearer to his Maker brought

V

While musing here. For when the primal morn
Broke on a slumb'ring world, when first the veil
Of night from fair Creation's face was torn ;
Ere yet the rapt'rous vision did regale
The eye of mortal man, or sin had shorn
Her of her wondrous charms, then thou didst hail
The orb of day, and for immortal ears,
Echoed the chiming of the radiant spheres.

VI

And thou hast watched the seasons come and go,
Through all the countless years since then ; hast seen
The balmy spring creep on apace, and throw
Her verdant mantle on the woods, to screen
Her naked limbs ; hast felt the summer's glow,
And autumn's mellow light, and winter's keen,
And icy breath ; and with uncovered head,
Hast mutely waited for the earthquake's tread.

VII

And thou hast stood unmoved amid the wear
And waste of elements. The hurricane,
Like an embattled host, has stormed thy bare
And grisly walls without effect ; the rain,
And pelting hail, the lightning's blinding glare,
And thunder's peal, have spent their force in vain ;
And thou wilt stand until earth's latest hour,
A monument of God's almighty power.

VIII

As to the generations of the past,
So to the humble souls who yet may rove
Amid these wilds to gaze upon thy vast
Colossal walls, and gratify their love
Of nature's wilder, grander scenes, thou hast
A voiceless eloquence, to stir and move
The soul to nobler, reverential thought
Of Him, who hath this awful scenery wrought.

IX

And these wild scenes where nature speaks to man,
And makes him feel his insignificance,
Is but a part of the eternal plan,
By which God humbles man's proud arrogance,
By teaching him how fleeting life's short span,
As he in meditation turns his glance
Upon this hoary cliff, whose dizzy height
Was bathed in young creation's dawning light.

X

And he whose heart is stirred to grateful tears,
While he beholds the grandeur of this scene ;
Like him who once the gospel tidings hears,
Can never be again what he has been.
For new responsibility appears
With every privilege that wakes within,
By newer knowledge, and a purer thought,
A longing for the good which we have not.

XI

'Tis ever ours, nor can we more retire,
Like old Diogines within our narrow cell,
Before new knowledge opened up a higher,
And broader field, where thought delights to dwell,
Than we can shut the plant which we admire
Again within its narrow acorn shell.
But by this knowledge we are cursed or blessed,
As we shall fail or not to stand the test.

XII

For we shall now be judged by newer light ;
But if we overcome by sovereign grace,
We shall be lifted to a higher height
Of joy, and happiness, and find our place
At last, in God's good time, among the bright
Celestial throng that look upon His face.
But failing we incur the greater blame,
And sink to deeper depths of sin and shame.

XIII

Nor were it better we had never known
New light, as some have vainly thought, though we
By each new privilege have on us thrown
Additional responsibility.
For higher joy and happiness is known
As progress and advancement make us free.
But souls can never truly make advance,
While fettered by the bonds of ignorance.

XIV

The ignoramus finds his chief delight
In that which ministers to sense alone—
To gratify a sensual appetite
Comprises all the pleasure he has known.
For he is dead to every higher height
Of joy, which lies outside his narrow zone.
And his capacity, dwarfed by the sense,
Enlarges only by intelligence.

XV

But lift the veil which shrouds the darkened soul,
Let in the light, let mind be now unchained ;
Awake the sleeping Samson, give control
To intellect, where sense so long has reigned ;
With new environment he now can stroll
Mid pleasures, which, while yet with thought untrained
Were to him then as visionary, and
Unreal as scenes beneath a wizard's wand.

XVI

Give him religion now, roll back the stone
Which shuts his soul within the tomb of night,
And sin ; awaken thought and conscience grown
Benumb. Call forth the Lazarus to light
And life. Loose him from error ; and unknown
Celestial scenes burst on his raptured sight,
And flood the soul with joys, far sweeter than
The richest pleasures of the sense-bound man.

XVII

And thus 'tis true, the higher that we rise
Above the level of the sensuous mind,
The more enlarged are our capacities,
And more by far our pleasures are refined ;
Yet greater our responsibilities
When once on us this purer light has shined.
But he who climbs to higher heights than all,
Must also suffer most if he shall chance to fall.

XVIII

And yet how often he who finds this light,
Which to the carnal nature is denied ;
Like one who leaping from some dizzy height,
Commits at last a moral suicide,
'Twas not his purpose to forsake the right,
But sporting for a time on pleasure's tide,
Oblivious of the awful precipice,
At last, he's swept into sin's dark abyss.

XIX

And this but shows how utterly depraved
The human heart at best, that the delights
Of sin, which once man's nature so enslaved,
That he could not aspire to grander heights
Of being without aid ; now being saved,
In folly turns again to sin, and slights
The mercy of his God, until accursed
With greater condemnation than at first.

XX

And others some, like the apostate Jews,
Who turned again to their Judaic rites,
By lack of diligence in duty, lose
Their hold on God, and falling from the heights
Of Christian privilege and joy, refuse
The better for the worse, until their sight's
Obscured. With rites becoming so engrossed,
That true religion in the form is lost.

XXI

And this apostatizing tendency
Belongs to all to whom the truth has been
Revealed. For none has ever yet been free
From the seductions and deceits of sin.
And while its power remains man still will be
In danger, if not fortified within.
For formalism is pleasing to the soul,
Where'er the carnal forces have control.

XXII

Still, our religion first begins that way—
There is a form but yet no spirit there ;
In childhood, mother taught our lips to pray,
Or rather, taught us how to say our prayer ;
But this looked forward to a coming day,
And was intended only to prepare
The way for a religion, when, forsooth,
We'd "worship God in spirit and in truth."

XXIII

These forms were necessary that the mind
Of youth might then receive its proper bent ;
But still these slavish forms were not designed,
However proper, to be permanent.
But that the youthful heart might be inclined
To something better, was the true intent ;
Then to be cast aside for use unmeet,
Like scaffolds when the building is complete.

XXIV

These forms are like the husk upon the grain,
Or like the starch stored in the tiny seed ;
Each has its own design, for naught is vain,
Whether it be protection, or to feed
The embryonic plant it doth contain.
But when the seed bursts into leaf, their need
Is gone, and worthless now, aside are cast,
Or else into the living plant have passed.

XXV

Perhaps, 'twere better represented by

The sheath which doth the springtime bud enclose.
It gives protection under winter's sky,

But when the spring presents the opening rose,
The sheath no longer needed, now must die.

It serves its mission well until it goes
To dust ; but then transformed by higher Power,
Lives in the beauty of the summer flower.

XXVI

But better still, like picture-books and toys,

With which each childhood home is well supplied,
These all are useless when our girls and boys

Have reached maturity ; but they abide
Still in their cultured power to think, and poise

Of judgment in each question they decide.
They stairways were by which their feet were brought
To stand at last upon the dome of thought.

XXVII

So with devotion's forms our childhood knew,

They train our minds and hearts for better things,
And fill their place while yet our years are few,

But when our spirits drink from purer springs,
And brighter scenes break on the spirits' view,

These slavish forms to which young childhood clings,
No longer serve our need, and then we part
With forms, for a religion of the heart.

XXVIII

O happy now if we were always wise
Of heart in heav'nly as in earthly pain,
And strove as hard when we have gained this prize,
That our possession we might e'er retain.
But man is earthly' and the power to rise,
Implies that he may also fall again.
And so to slavish forms he oft goes back,
And like poor bunny, "doubles on his track."

XXIX

And this is fatal, for to trust in these
Poor slavish forms, where once the truth is known,
Invites a living death, which by degrees
Steals on the heart, till mercy can't condone.
Physicians tell us of a strange disease,
In which the heart is hardened like a bone.
This fearful plague is but the counterpart
Of a backslidden and apostate heart.

XXX

In either case no outward sign is there
By which the fearful ruin within is known,
The victims both alike, seem unaware
Of their condition, till the heart has grown
Insensible ; then all too late, naught can repair,
Or soften more the heart now hard as stone.
For over each death now has full control,
One of the body, and one of the soul.

CANTO V.

I

To yonders rugged, gray and barren stone
Which caps the summit of yon tow'ring peak
Torn from its fellows 'mid an earthquake's groan,
While light'ning's gleams played round it "hide and seek,"
Standing apart, a huge, inverted cone,
'Mid nature's works, a wild and monstrous freak,
I've leaped the awful chasm which intervenes,
That I might revel in those rugged scenes.

II

And that huge cliff from others separate,
Lone, silent, like some faithful sentinel,
Who stands upon his post to guard the gate
That leads into the town, and to repel
The fierce assaults of foes, once had its mate,
Which like itself, amid an earthquake's swell
And roll, was rent asunder from the other,
And stood off there—a sister and a brother.

III

Perhaps, a better figure would have been,
Like wife and husband. Be that as it may,
They stood there side by side, and seemed to lean
Their heads towards each other, as they say,
Husband and wife should do; but still I ween,
Two leaning hearts would be a better way,
Provided that they do not lean apart
Like oxen yoked and pulling to a cart.

IV

That may be and perhaps is best for steers,
For by it each finds some support and stay,
And instinct kindly teaches what appears
To help them draw their load along the way ;
But they who work in matrimonial gears,
Must lean together through life's weary day,
Pulling together in their proper places,
Or soon they'll kick out of the nuptial traces.

V

But even that is better far than seek
Continuance where there's nothing left to bind
Two lives together. One should not lightly break
The nuptial bond ; and yet 'twere hard to find
A reason why, when love is dead. "I speak
Not by commandment, but only give my mind"
Said Paul, and so say I. 'Tis my opinion
There'll be no peace where both strive for dominion.

VI

But I'll not answer that, but simply let
That problem go to him most interested,
For at the last, the loss or gain is met
By him who in such traffic has invested.
Besides there are some things we cannot get
A knowledge of except as they are tested.
And as a rule, each has enough of bothers,
Without assuming to decide for others.

VII

And then beside all this, none ever knows
What he will do in any given case,
Until the trial comes. Men oft suppose
They'll do great things, till standing face to face
With some huge task, they find their courage goes
Like Falstaff's at their finger ends. Man's disgrace
Is this: what should be done is better known
By him in other's case, than in his own.

VIII

Here is the sum, as one before has said,
"The proper study of mankind is man."
The trouble here, however is, misled
By selfishness we change the author's plan,
And to another give our thought instead
Of to ourselves, and end as we began,
By knowing less what we ourselves should do,
Than of the course another should pursue.

IX

The man who criticises self, will find
Enough to censure in himself alone ;
For when our faults are brought before our mind
Our mantle on our neighbor's fault is thrown.
For charity which "suffers long" is "kind"
To other's faults, as well as to our own,
And when our own sad failings we have seen,
Somehow another's do not seem so mean.

X

I said that this lone cliff once had its mate,
Like man and wife, and stood here side by side.
Perhaps from the main cliff, on the same date,
Was wrenched, but this cannot be verified ;
Nor need it matter much, at any rate,
The two were here until one Christmastide,
Some years ago, when I was in my prime,
As I, myself, have seen full many a time.

XI

But so it was, some boys on pleasure bent,
Came hither once with pick and dynamite,
And with a most terrific blast, they sent
The whole thing "flying higher than a kite."
(In figure only, not in fact, is meant.)
In short, there was a sudden change of site,
Or base, and that old cliff, as I've been showing,
"Stood not upon the order of its going."

XII

But went with a tremendous lurch and roar,
Which wrenched the huge mass from the mountain side,
And sent a quiver to its very core,
As down the slope with mighty giant stride
It leaping went, while crushing all before,
Until it rested in clear Luva's tide ;
Turning the stream out of its former bed,
And made it run where it does now instead.

XIII

And ne'er perhaps, since mortal man first tread
These wilds, and worshiped here at nature's fane,
Were these secluded scenes e'er visited
By such unearthly noise, as broke amain,
That day, o'er peaks, and dells, and mountain head,
'Twas like the blast that sank the good ship Maine ;
Or howling mob upon a Russian street,
Or Schley's bombardment of Cervera's fleet.

XIV

But let that go, I love these rugged wilds.
As Nature made them, not as man destroys.
But thus it ever is, man's hand defiles
His Maker's work, and lessens his own joys.
He spurns his Maker's gifts, and with a child's
Unreason, counts them oft as broken toys.
While seeking present pleasure to enhance,
Bankrupts the future by extravagance.

XV

" 'Tis true's a pity, a pity is 'tis true,"
But so it is, men will not be content
With nature as they find it, but undo
In wantonness that which their Maker lent
To heighten their enjoyment. And no view
Is sacred to the heart on pleasure bent,
If by destroying he can realize
A moment's pleasure by its sacrifice.

XVI

How oft the beauty and the innocence
Of youthful hearts, have hopelessly been marred
By yielding to the base demands of sense,
For what the better nature still abhorred ;
To find at last their only recompense
For injured innocence, is disregard
For all that is intended them to bless,
In present or in future happiness.

XVII

And now like this demolished cliff, the source
Of pleasure by one thoughtless act is gone.
Out of its native place they rudely force
Life's innocence, and when the deed is done,
And all is lost, there's left them no recourse
But tears. But these like Esau's can't atone
For their great wrong, or to their heart restore
The youthful innocence it knew before.

XVIII

And others some have scoffed at holy things,
And in their heart's deep wickedness have poured
Contempt upon the only means that brings
Relief to burdened souls. They have ignored
Atoning love, to which the Christian clings,
And with a demon's heart blasphemed their Lord,
Who died for them. But what such folly cost,
Is measured by the innocence they've lost.

XIX

God may forgive, and in his mercy throw
His robe of righteousness upon man's soul
And hide his sin, but never can he know
Again, while yet eternal cycles roll,
In this, or in the higher life, the glow
Of youthful innocence. Once lost, the whole
Is lost. A truth, or lie, is such forever,
Beyond the power of man's or God's endeavor.

XX

But now the evening shades around thy base
Art gath'ring ; and night uprising, lets fall
Her sable curtains, while the shadows chase
The sunlight up thy bare and grizzly walls.
And as the frowning night creeps o'er thy face,
The sunlight leaps up to the clouds, and all
Is silence. O how oft in other years
As now, I've watched these fading scenes with tears.

XXI

And so, methinks, the true, enquiring soul,
That loves in nature's solitudes to stray
In quest of nature's God, will find its goal,
When death's dark shadows gather round this clay.
Then will the spirit, freed from earth's control,
Leap upward to its home in endless clay,
Where it with kindred souls, its joy shall find
In revelations of th' Eternal mind.

XXII

But now farewell, thy silent solitudes

Have been to me more than the voice of friends,
Thy lofty peaks, thy caves, thy leafy woods,

Thy lonely, solemn stillness, all that lends
Enchantment to these wilds of nature, floods

My wond'ring eyes with grateful tears, and sends
Through my poor, lonely heart, a rapturous thrill,
To know thy Maker is sublime still.

XXIII

But nevermore, perhaps, my weary feet

Shall wander 'mid these wilds, as in the past,
No more, perhaps, thy varied scenes shall greet

Again my raptured vision, as thou hast
In years ago. I've loved thee with a sweet

And tender love, and will, while life shall last.
Farewell, dear scenes, no more my heart were moved,
If turning from the grave of one I loved.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL.

DEACON ROLAND.

CANTO I.

Once on a time a youth in lieu
Of other colors purchased blue ;
Then to a tailor did repair,
With his bundle and pompous air,
And thus he said. "Friend tailor know,"
As he began his cloth to show,
'I'll have you cut in latest style,
A pair of pants that will beguile
The ladies' hearts, for men impress
By nothing more than style of dress ;
For though we strive howe'er we can,
It is the dress that makes the man."

The tailor his instructions heard,
But then to follow them he feared ;
Because the "latest style of pants
Did not become such applicants ;
For he was long, and lank, and light,
And fashion fit the breeches tight.
But then it was his province to
Cut them as he was bid to do.

So with his rule or measuring tape,
Proceeded to find out his shape.
But as he cut he could but smile,
To think a man hoped to beguile
A maiden's heart while thus arrayed,
Although his pants were tailor-made.
For legs like his in narrow folds,
Would look like ancient candle-moulds.

In a few days his pants were made,
And Roland in them now arrayed,
Assured himself that "in a flash,"
Though small his brains, and less his cash,
Now on his girl he'd "make a mash."

One idea only in one's head,
Brings disappointment oft instead
Of that success he hoped to find ;
For by it he becomes so blind
He thinks no trouble can, of course,
Come to him from another source ;
And as he now for none prepares,
It comes upon him unawares.

So Roland thought the "style" alone
Of what he wore would well atone
For all things else which he might lack,
Within his head or on his back.
But he could not Miss Lilly woo,
Because 'she was averse to blue.

Of color he had not once thought,
More than it pleased him, and he bought
Because it was what suited him,
Regardless of another's whim.

But now he sought (a thing not strange),
How best he might his colors change.
So fully on this purpose bent,
He to a certain city went
And questioned all he chanced to meet,
From house to house, from street to street,
To name in pity some process,
To change the color of his dress.
He sought the lawyers 'mid their lore,
While he recounted o'er and o'er
His troubles, and implored their aid
To change his blue to win the maid.
He sought the doctors and explained,
How deeply his poor heart was pained ;
And that his future bliss or wo,
Hung on the maiden's yes or no.
Though with despair he now must strive,
A change of hue would hope revive.

At last his tale to one he told
Who dealt in drugs, who bought and sold
All kinds of dye, who said, in fine,
He had a drug called analine,
Which was the thing beyond a doubt,
To blot the hateful color out.

The youth like one in the last gasp
When drowning, at a straw will grasp,
At once exclaimed he had "struck ile,"
The color for "the latest style."

Ah, hope, how transient is thy ray,
Thy coming oft delayed, thy stay,
Alas, how short. How oft we're led,
When thy bright gleam is seen and sped,
To think that it were better far,
To ne'er have seen thy radiant star,
Than thus to see and lose thy spark,
Which makes our darkness doubly dark.
For Roland now had scarcely bought
The dye which he so long had sought,
Ere he was filled with a new dread,
Lest blue by it should change to red.
For now he thought this analine,
May make for me a red ensign,
And gory banners symbolize
The carnage of dark enterprise.
And so the youth with mind oppressed,
In wailings now his grief expressed.

Yet not his grief in words alone,
Was manifest, but it was shown
In saddened look, in tearful eye,
Yea, all that shows one's misery.
So each and every one before,
Whose aid he once deigned to implore,

Again was questioned if they knew
The effect that red would have on blue?

At last the city mayor heard
His doleful tale, and him referred
Unto a dyer who he said,
Could tell if blue would turn to red?
In haste the youth to him repaired,
And his whole mind at once declared.
The dyer said, "red analine
Would no doubt answer very fine,
Nor red, nor blue the color 'd be,
But nice as one would wish to see.

O what a change the visage wears,
When mind is no more pressed with cares,
'Tis like the sunlight which is shed
Upon the earth when night has fled ;
'Tis like the cool, refreshing shower,
Or gentle dew upon the flower ;
O 'tis the hope we gladly hail,
When expectation seemed to fail.
It was not long ere he had tried
Its virtues, and his pants were dyed ;
Nor were they red, or blue, or black,
But what the ladies call "lilac."

To say the youth was pleased, would ill
Express the feelings that did fill
His raptured breast. The change to see,

Had put him in an ecstasy ;
For so elated was he that
He seized upon an old white cat,
And soused him in the magic dye,
And said, "perhaps I may thereby
So change his garb that he will feel,
If not quite fine, at least genteel."
It was not long before arrayed
In bright attire, the youth assayed
To woo again the coy maid.

He gained her ear and well he told,
In language eloquent and bold,
How long he'd loved her, and how well,
But ne'er till then could break the spell
That chained in silence his poor breast,
And kept his love long unconfessed.
He paused, and gazed with tearful eye
At her, awaiting her reply.
At the same time a downward glance,
He cast upon his new-dyed pants,
For next to her the love he bore,
Was centered on the pants he wore.

Her replication came at last,
It was, "Alas, the time has passed ;
My chief desire was once to be
Beloved by none more than by thee,
And thou wert dearer to my eyes
Than all the joys or bliss that rise

Up in the hopeful heart. In dreams,
Or wakeful hours, resplendent gleams
Of future bliss, alone supplied
My thoughts, while I denied
Myself the bliss I might have known,
Had I not worshiped thee alone.
Yet you appeared still unconcerned,
And from my love I thought you turned
In cold disdain ; and in despair,
My riven heart' left me to bear
My grief alone. O had you then
But spoke one word to cheer me when
My hopes were dying ; had you told
Your love for me as clear and bold,
As now, affection had not died,
And I would then have been your bride,
But you so long delayed your *suit*,
You've lost your maid and bliss to boot,
While I have found another heart,
From which my own can never part."

The youth fled from her in despair,
And gnashed his teeth, and tore his hair,
And beat his breast, and rent his pants,
In frenzy at his sad mischance.

How lone and desolate the heart
Is left when hope and love doth part.
I've stood beside the bed of death,
As sinking pulse, and labored breath,

Betokened life's dull close. I've felt
My stony heart begin to melt,
In earnest sympathy, for those
To whom grim death, and grief disclose
Their desolation. I have read
In their distracted looks, which said
What feeble words illy express,
The heart's unspoken wretchedness.
And I have heard the bitter wail,
That rent the tuneless air when frail
Mortality's entombed. And though
In vain I've tried their grief to know,
Yet not tears for the dying shed
Nor bitter wails above our dead,
Bespeak the grief that heart must bear,
Where love and hope end in despair.

With her love lost, within his heart
There came a wish now to depart ;
For who could wish to linger where,
Hope is supplanted by despair ?
Familiar things add to the weight
That crushes the disconsolate.
Since to the heart they but reveal
The gaping wound that will not heal.
Who for one object only lives,
And for it all of life he gives,
Knows that no anguish wrings the soul,
When hearts and hopes shall sever ;

Like that o'er which the mind doth roll,
When love is lost forever.
'Tis true the heart may pine in wo,
When other griefs distress it :
But when sweet love is lost, we know
There's nothing else can bless it.

Life's magnate then will point no more
To pleasure's bright and sunny shore,
Nor wave nor tide again will be,
Found rolling on life's hopeless sea,
And friendship's breeze alike shall fail,
To stretch again his shivered sail.

A few weeks later he bereft
Of her he loved, his country left,
And fled for distant parts unknown,
In solitude, there to bemoan
The latest style, red analine,
And all that aided to consign,
Him to an uncongenial fate,
From Lilly dear thus separate.

CANTO II.

Once on a time a motley crew
Of yellow, white, and dusky hue,
Upon a mountain's western side,
That looks toward old ocean's tide,
Where evening suns their faces hide,
Beneath a summer's mellow skies,
Were met a church to organize.

The chairman then, a sable wight,
Proclaimed from off the rostrum's height,
Unto this mellow scented throng,
In Afric-English, bold and strong,
The duties which he understood,
Devolved upon this brotherhood,
For "brudderhood it now must be,
Since all evince such harmony,
Besides how can two walk togedder,
In fair or foul, or stormy wedder,
And serve each uther in dar need,
Unless at fust dey be agreed."

Among the number that here met
To sermonize, to froth and sweat,
With care-worn visage, look askance,
Was Roland of the tight, blue pants,
And though some years had fled and gone,
Since first he put those breeches on,
Since first he wooed in puling strains,

And was rejected for his pains,
Since last with heavy heart he fled,
His love and home with hurried tread,
And bent his steps toward a shore,
Where love might touch his heart no more ;
Where bleeding bosoms may not grieve
For those who basely doth deceive,
Nor hearts are wrung to break the spell,
“Who love not wisely, but too well.”
Yet still he wore in wretched plight,
The same blue pants that fit so tight,
And on his brow he wore a shade
That disappointed love had made.
And not the clime he went to seek,
Could flush his pale and haggard cheek,
Nor from his saddened mem'ry tear
Sweet Lilly's face or his despair.
Although he sought its sylvan shades,
And flirted with its barefoot maids,
And drank each cup of Lethean bliss,
That clime affords for grief like his ;
Still dwelt his thought with her he lost,
As dwelleth the departed ghost,
Around the cold and silent tomb,
That holds the form 'twas parted from.

At last 'twas said, “You'll nominate
For deacon now a candidate.”
So each began to cast about,

To call a proper person out.
'Twas hard to find among that throng,
A person to whom did belong,
All of the qualities required,
To fill the office as desired.
For some were proud, and more were poor,
And many vile, and few were pure,
And some were of a doubtful creed,
And others, some who count the bead,
And some who held no creed but fate,
And each and all illiterate.

There was a "nigger" in the crowd,
Who spoke not often but quite loud,
His name was "Dart," and was called so,
Because his movements were so slow,
He dreamily, as if by chance,
Was just awaking from a trance,
Or may be sleep, for with him they,
Were so alike you could not say.
But rousing up with some surprise,
Depicted in his face and eyes,
He struggled then up from his seat,
And managed to get on his feet,
As well as on another's toes,
Not purposely, as I suppose,
For not unlike most of his kind,
He went to feet more than to mind,
And doubtless needed, I presume,
More space to give him standing room.

However, be that as it may,
It soon developed in a fray,
For when one "steps upon our toes"
In fact, or figure, no one knows,
What certainly will happen next,
Because our soul becomes so vexed,
We'd rather think insult is meant,
Than that it was an accident.
And though apology is made,
We almost wish it were delayed,
That we might give our feelings vent,

And some way visit punishment,
Where it seems needed.

Let that go,
The fight is over now and no
Great damage done ; no blood is spilt,
And now about their greatest guilt,
Is that while they had met to pray,
They changed the order of the day,
By turning it into a fray.
But others too with more pretense,
To true religion and to sense,
Oft do no better when they meet,
To worship at their Maker's feet.
In slavish forms and solemn rite,
They fix their hope, while they lose sight,
Of God, and wander in their thought,
Like those who did not pray, but fought.

Again "Dart" rose to nominate,
For deacon now a candidate.
And casting on the crowd a glance,
Called "Roland of the tight blue pants,"
And so by acclamation they,
Declared him deacon from that day.

Then Roland rose with eyes bleared wide,
And in a voice stentorian cried,
"Know that it is a grievous sin,
To slight your color, kith and kin,
And put a stranger in that place,
So diff'rent from your own dark race."
So saying he resumed his seat,
With self-esteem and pride replete,
"And wishing "Dart" was then in France,
He slyly looked at his dyed pants,
And thought how vain is my exile,
While still I wear "the latest style."

Uprose the "Dart" in all the pride,
Of "nigger-doodle-dandyfied,"
And added in a stilted speech,
"Dis fing is now beyant our reach,
For dis here 'sembly now done spoke,
And he mus war de deacon's yoke.
But one fing more I wish to state,
Nor would I discumbobolate,
De brudder, but de trufe is known,
Dat Brudder Roland has done shown,

He bery much misunderstood,
De tie dat binds dis brudderhood.
For at de fust our orricul,
Done 'splained dis bery fing in full,
And all is ekal frum dis time,
Of ebbry race, in ebbry clime,
De line of demarkation's gone,
And ole John Brown's still marchin' on."

At these last words the air was rent,
As each echoed the sentiment,
And so our hero of the blue,
Is deacon of that motley crew.

SHINING HIM UP.

Suggested by an unprovoked attack upon others creeds by
Rev. M-r-t-n before a Sunday School Convention.

“Let dog’s delight to bark and bite,”
Let bigots snarl and frown ;
But when men put on priestly robes,
They should put off their own.

I mean their robes of self-conceit,
Which cannot serve their need ;
And not deride another’s hope,
Who holds a diff’rent creed.

For when men taunt with mocking jeer,
The spirit unconsolated ;
Or while they keep the wolf at bay,
Themselves attack the fold,

It argues they’re in league with him,
Who rules the doomed host ;
Or rival kingdom would set up
Where “malice rules the roast.”

For every tree’s known by its fruit,
In Christian growth or hedge ;
And some like crabapples at best,
But set the teeth on edge.

And if 'tis true as some believe,
Our natures are so gross ;
That purgatorial fires are used,
To purge away the dross ;

It will require an underground
Railway to Pittsburg's coal ;
Before there can a decent shine,
Be put on M-r-t-n soul.

E'en then, perhaps, it would retain
Its Pharisaic scoff ;
And need at times, as now, a rub,
To take the canker off.

HANGING A ROPE.

There was a man in Sheridan,
In Kansas state, a pity ;
Who stole a mule against the rule,
Of vigilance committee.

Now this were worse than steal a horse,
At least the proof is stronger ;
The more one steals, the greater thief,
And donkey's ears are longer.

The thief was *bound*, though none was found.
To bond for his appearing ;
But as the donkey had long ears,
Of course he had a *hearing*.

Judge Lynch decided that the thief,
Must be for this suspended ;
But while the time and case could not,
The man must be *extended*.

They led him to the gallows tree,
A noose his neck entwining ;
He felt a tightness in his chest,
But not from over-dining.

They threw the halter o'er the beam,
And made it fast by tying ;
Then opened wide their eyes to see,
The struggles of the dying.

But as the thief stood on the trap,
Where crime and life are ended ;
He slipped his head out of the noose,
And left the rope suspended.

It was a forlorn hope and lent,
A donkey's speed to cunning ;
He 'scaped the would be hangman's hands,
And still at large is *running*.

HOW THE PARSON FELL.

Come, my friends, sit down and listen,
If you'd hear the tale I tell ;
Tho' with tears your eyes should glisten,
Hearing how the parson fell.

Blessed parson, how we loved him,
For his manner was so kind ;
And his crosses only proved him,
What the parish thought to find,

But the good will often falter,
And the best will sometimes fall ;
And our wishes ne'er can alter,
What shall happen to us all.

Job, the patient one, was tempted,
Satan's movements never stills ;
And the good are not exempted,
From the worst of human ills.

Many others good and holy,
Like our mother Eve, did fall,
But the parson was more *lowly*,
Than the patriarchs and all.

Now the new church just erected,
Not yet from the workmen's hands ;
Had no desk, and so their workbench,
Served the parson for a "stand."

So when many eyes did glisten,
With the tears his words had stirred ;
For the worst were made to listen,
Tho' they heeded nought they heard;

When his tones now fraught with thunder,
With increasing pathos swell ;
Legs of workbench slipped from under,
And the parson—sprawling fell.

ON A TICK.

'Tis the first of the season,
A beautiful red ;
All his spiteful companions,
Are silent and dead.
But the spell that had bound him,
The sunlight has broke ;
With the first day of April,
The sleeper awoke.

'Tis a scout of the army
That preys upon man ;
And heralds its coming,
By keeping the van ;
And while we may scorn him,
Appearing alone ;
When once he entrenches,
His presence is known.

'Tis the wizard that delves
In the animate clod ;
Although he possesses
No divining rod,
The mysteries of nature
To him to disclose,
Or teach him where 'neath him,
The red current flows.

'Tis a surgeon of skill,
A phlebottomist ;
Who of his own pleasure,
Would never desist,
Fulfilling his mission,
Like others before,
Till wrenched from his fast'ning,
Or satiate with gore.

In short, if you please,
'Tis simply a tick,
Which often much "closer,
Than a brother will stick."
And which for appearing
In weather so cool,
Awakes the suspicion,
He's an April fool.

THE OLD MAN.

There was a man, who was not all a man,
Part of his strength was gone, for frosty age
Had nipped the vigor of his manhood's years,
Had bowed his form, and furrowed o'er his brow
With many a seam, and time had from his eye
Its former luster stolen, while toothless he
In silence munched his meals. And not unlike
The surge that leaves the salt sea foam upon
The rocks, the billows of a life-time's cares,
Had beat upon his head, and silvered o'er
His few remaining locks. But still within
His heart there dwelt some of the freshness of
His early youth, that palsied age could not
Obliterate. For when at eve beside
His blazing hearth, secure from winter's blast,
Again he and the partner of his joys,
And cares, whom some three score years companioned
Pilgrimage together had but nearer knit,
Recounted o'er the hopes, that loving signs
Of fond affection lent to their young hearts
In years ago, ere yet they twain were one,
There would a momentary gleam, a spark
Of youthful fire, emblaze his dimmed orbs,
And to his breast in one impassioned, long

Embrace, again he would enfold the dear,
Though withered form of her he loved in youth.

A change came o'er the home of that old man,
For trailing shrouds of white, pale, ashy lips,
And rayless, sightless, death-curtained orbs,
With features blank, expressionless, which late
In many a frightful, boding dream presaged,
His threshold passed, and she, the wife, who kept
The sunlight in his home, had reached life's goal,
And Charon crossed her to the shadowy shore.
And he for days and weeks, with feeble step,
And slow, would wend his way at eventide,
To where reposed her dust, and there with head
Bowed on his hands, and hands upon his staff,
With hair disheveled, he, in his despair,
Would call her name, and tell the winds his grief,
And in his spirits agony would crave
To die, and pray for death to cut him down,
And lay him by the side of her he loved.

A change came o'er the spirit of that man,
And he less oft was seen to seek her grave,
And grief so like the weary, wailing winds,
That knew no balm, but filled the air with moans,
Grew calm apace, and spent itself in sighs.
And he no longer wished for death, but prayed
For strength to bear his woes ; and men did think
Him reconciled unto his lot at last.

A change came o'er the manner of that man,
And his gray locks so long unkempt, were by
The barber curled and dyed ; and too, the garb
He long had worn, though seedy grown, by long
Continued use endeared, grew hateful in
His eyes, and like the jade, which usage hard,
And age, for further use had rendered all
Unfit, turned out to die, was thrown aside
For richer, better, and more bright attire.
And his weak limbs infected by this change
Exterior, disdained the staff's support,
And he who once retirement wooed to feed
His melancholy, sought the companionship
Of the vivacious, festive, and the gay,
And with the pointless lance of his dulled sense,
Oftimes essayed, with younger men, to run
A tilt, then at his own unskillful thrusts,
Which he mistook for wit, would laugh and grin,
To show the teeth the dentist late infixed.

A change came o'er the thoughts of that old man,
For from their natural current they were turned,
And like the babbling brook in its descent,
Grew audible, and shaped themselves in words,
And often thus he would apostrophise :
"O idol, of my heart, whose amber locks
In shimmering meshes fall upon a neck
Of snow, with cheeks smooth as the peach's soft down,
With teeth of pearl, and lips carnation hue,

With eyes as blue as mid-sea billows when
Morning sunlight is a flashing through them.”
And then would sing some snatches from an old
Love song. And men would listen then and stare
And shake their heads ; some did pity, some deride,
And others some did call him lunatic,
While all did wonder what had wrought this change,
Until one morn it was announced (a thing
No less to wonder at) that this old man
Of eighty years, another change had passed—
He wed a buxom lass of “sweet sixteen.”

A ROMANCE IN TWO CHAPTERS.

Young man and maiden,
Both at a fair ;
Out seeking pleasure,
Impressible pair.
Accidental meeting,
A look, a start,
The same old story,
Losing their heart.

Two more spooney ones,
Daft in their head,
Lovesick and lonely,
Wanting to wed ;
Seeking a parson,
Tied up for life,
Changed their relation—
Husband and wife

Rich now as Rockefeller,
More fully content,
Wouldn't change places,
With the president.
Happy as angels,
Grudge not their cheer,
Wish for no heaven—
Already here.

Cooing and billing,
Like turtle doves ;
Shamefully careless
Who sees their loves ;
Usual proceeding,
When passion rules,
Most older people,
Once were such fools.

CHAPTER II.

Twelve months afterward,
Conditions changed ;
Fancy goes roving,
Hearts are estranged,
Heaven has vanished
Out of their skies,
Little flirtation,
“Dem goo goo eyes.”

Hastily married,
Naught to prevent,
Plenty time given,
Now to repent.
Snapping and snarling,
Sorry they wed,
Secretly wishing
The other dead.

Hate for each other,
Wears no disguise ;
Another pair losing
Their paradise.
She goes to mother,
He to a "joint ;"
Devil rejoicing,
Gained his point.

She seeks a lawyer,
Another, he,
Both are determined
Now to be free.
Again they are courting,
Different of course,
First suit for union,
Second, divorce.

So 'tis whenever
Passion holds sway,
Fickle hearts wander
Out of the way ;
Seeking wrong pleasures,
Lost those they had,
End of the chapter—
"Gone to the bad."

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

"Look on this picture, then on that."

When my life was in its springtime,
And I yet was but a lad,
And a happy, merry youngster,
Living still at home with "dad ;"
I was then the proud possessor,
Of two cur dogs and a hound,
And I fancied that their equals,
Nowhere ever could be found.
But they differed from each other,
Not alone in distinct breeds,
But in disposition favored,
No more than do churches creeds.
For the curs were "on their mettle"—
Always spoiling for a fight,
For their selfish, greedy natures,
Wanted everything in sight.
But the hound was not belligerent,
This from policy perhaps,
For that keeps both dogs and human,
Often out of many "scraps."
Yet his greed was as rapacious,
As that of the other two ;
Diff'ring only in the methods,
Which it caused him to pursue.

When the tablecloth was shaken,
 And the crumbs fell to the ground,
Quickly you perceived the difference,
 Then between the curs and hound.
For the curs then fell to fighting,
 As men often do for pelf,
For the reason that each wanted,
 All the "leavings" for himself.
But the hound, you should have seen him,
 Quickly snapping up the store,
Only hoping he might finish,
 Ere the battle should be o'er ;
Gulping down each precious morsel,
 Then he carried off the rest,
To some safer place in hiding,
 Where he might enjoy it best.
But the curs perceived their folly,
 Only when the fight was done,
And the hound had eat the dinner,
 And had run off with the bone.

So since I have grown to manhood,
 And observed the ways of men,
This same picture in the human,
 Comes before my eyes again.
I have seen the individual,
 And the city, and the town,
When the tablecloth of heaven,
 "Sheds its garnered fulness down,"

When the generous gifts of nature,
 Might have built a town immense,
And united action given,
 Unto all a competence;
But straightway the curse of avarice,
 In their littleness of soul,
Fall to fighting, or to scheming,
 How they may compass the whole.
And they cannot see their folly,
 Till their only chance is gone,
And some hamlet far less favored,
 Like the hound has got the bone.

But so 'tis and has been ever,
 In the annals of our race ;
Some mistake their greed for reason,
 'Till they pass "the day of grace."
And so long as men go "sniping,"
 Of their wisdom they may brag ;
But the laugh is on the fellow,
 Who is "left to hold the bag."

A CHURCH 'ROUSEMENT.

On a Sunday summer's morning,
In the merry month of May ;
Two fond parents went to "meeting,"
Half-a-mile or so away.

Now the church at which they worshiped,
Standing near the village side ;
Had a little fence around it,
But the gate stood open wide.

And the church was filled that morning,
From the country all around,
For they had a "basket dinner,"
Or a "dinner on the ground."

And to church that draws some people,
Whom nought else could ever toll ;
For the reason that their stomach,
Is much larger than their soul.

Now 'tis surely, strangely curious,
And the statement is not new ;
The very things we are forbidden,
Are the very things we do.

Paul, the great apostle, tells us,
His experience on this line ;
And we find out by comparing,
His was just like yours and mine.

So these parents told their children,
Two or three mischievous boys ;
“You be good, and in your playing,
Don’t you make a boisterous noise.

“And the calf you must not worry,
And to church you must not come ;
And be sure you do the choring,
By the time that we get home.”

Then they started off to preaching,
In a meditative mood ;
No doubt thinking that their children,
Were the best of human brood.

But the leader of the trio,
Said with a Satanic laugh :
“Let us have a good time, partners,
Monkeying with the brindle calf.”

So they roped the calf and belled it,
’Twas no sooner said than done ;
Round the house the calf went racing,
They were having royal fun.

Then the dog went bounding, barking,
And the calf bawled in its fright ;
While the old cow outside, browsing,
Loudly lowing hove in sight.

Things were getting interesting,
And the boys were sore perplexed ;
For a dread was creeping o'er them,
As to what might happen next.

Men like boys are oft mistaken,
In their calculations too ;
For like them we oft in planning,
"Bite off more than we can chew."

Evil in its first beginning,
May be checked, if so we will ;
But neglected rushes faster,
Like a stone rolled down a hill.

So our want of proper caution,
We discover when too late ;
Then to hide our wicked folly,
We attribute it to fate.

Thus it is our human weakness,
To be learning evermore ;
That we would be better marksman,
If our hindsight was before.

To these boys a thing now happens,
In the program not laid down ;
Out the open gateway running,
Bossy headed toward the town.

"God of heaven," cried the urchins,
"What shall be the end of this ;
If they run down to the village,
Where the Sunday service is?"

On the calf leads the procession,
Straining every nerve in fear ;
The dog and cow are in the middle,
While the boys bring up the rear.

Faster, faster, yet they hasten,
"Lickaty brindle" with noises loud ;
While the dust upon the highway;
Rises in a monstrous cloud.

Bawling, barking, lowing, yelling,
Ringing bell, and beasts and boys ;
Never human recollection,
Calls to mind such fearful noise.

Onward still, their speed not slacking,
'Till amid this horrid din ;
They now reach the little village,
And about to enter in.

All at once the calf discovers,
 Just before, the open gate
To the yard of chapel leading,
 And it bolted for it straight.

Through the gateway, round the church house,
 Wildly rushed both boy and beast ;
And the clamor they brought with them,
 Had not lessened in the least.

Frightened steeds in terror snorting,
 From their fast'nings broke away ;
Buggies clashing, overturning,
 Filled the people with dismay.

Children screamed, and women fainted,
 To their feet the men arose ;
And the whole were so stampeded,
 That the meeting had to close.

First the pastor tried to check it,
 But he found it was no use ;
And himself had some misgiving,
 That all Bedlam was turned loose.

Out they scrambled, men and women,
 "Devil take the hindermost,"
Through the doors and windows leaping,
 As if fleeing from a ghost.

Never since Belshazzar's revelers,
Feasting on that fatal night ,
Saw the strange, mysterious writing,
Was there ever such a fright.

By this time outside the gateway,
Bossy found his way again ;
And the other beasts and human,
Followed with their might and main.

Towards their home they now were headed,
Calf, and dog, and cow, and boys ;
Keeping up the same procession,
And the same unearthly noise.

Onward, frightened, wearied, panting,
O it was a general rout ;
Calf, and dog, and cow, and human,
With their tongues a hanging out.

And the little town of Hughesville,
Where this incident occurred ;
Never was so much excited.
Never so profoundly stirred.

And no more that little chapel,
Where the people meet to pray ;
E'er will have another 'rousement,
Such as that they had that day.

BOYHOOD RECOLLECTIONS.

My father was a tanner,
But he was no akin,
To that one down at Joppa,
Where Peter found an inn.

Yet he his trade had mastered,
As well no doubt as though,
Descended from old Simon,
Who lived so long ago.

And many a God-sent prophet,
Toil-worn, like he of old,
Found food, and rest, and lodging,
Within his humble fold.

He lived in old Missouri,
Upon a north hillside ;
And chose a comely maiden,
To be his happy bride.

Then hand in hand together,
They started on life's way ;
By taking up the burden,
That fell to them each day.

And while they toiled together,
 In adding to their store ;
A dozen happy children,
 Grew up about their door.

His shop was in the valley,
 A hundred yards below ;
And near it was the tanyard,
 He kept so long ago.

And as I sit here musing,
 Of days now long since fled ;
Again I see the faces,
 Of loved ones who are dead.

I hear my father humming,
 When summer time has come ;
"O Canaan, sweet Canaan,
 My long and happy home."

But all are gone and scattered,
 And some, alas, are dead,
And none of all the number,
 Dwell at the old homestead.

And while my thoughts turn backward,
 Through all the vanished years ;
My heart grows strangely tender,
 My eyes are filled with tears.

And I am almost wishing,
Although I know 'tis vain ;
That I could now recall them,
And be a boy again.

O youth, and home, and loved ones,
That tarry but a day ;
How few will rightly prize them,
Till they are gone for aye.

A TANNING LESSON.

Three boys of us were well grown up,
And three of smaller size ;
The first were steady, working boys,
The others otherwise.

The fact is that we younger boys,
Of which myself was one ;
Cared little else for anything,
Except to have our fun.

The rules that governed us in play,
Were strictly ironclad ;
And subject to no change, like those
The Medes and Persians had.

We chose our Captain on each morn,
Who settled each dispute ;
And where our leader went that day,
The others "followed suit."

Our leader said, "we'll jump the vats,
That is to-day's program ;"
Away he went, we followed him,
Like Mary's little lamb.

The vats were each some six feet long,
And twenty in a row ;
Ranged side by side, and five feet deep,
In width, three feet or so.

Between the vats was left a space,
And if we should miss that
In jumping, the unlucky wight,
Went plump into a vat,

I missed my footing, and I fell
Into the vat "kerchug ;
But clinging to the side I hung,
In slime up to my "mug."

The wail that then went up from me,
Would shame a lonesome dog ;
It brought my father, and my "pals,"
At a "two-forty" jog.

My father grasped me by the arms,
There was no time to lose ;
And with a giant's strength he drew
Me dripping from the ooze.

But from that day there is one thing,
I cannot understand ;
Why that the means of punishment,
Should lie so near to hand ?

For looking down just at his feet,
There lay an elm sprout ;
Why it was ever left just there,
Is what I can't find out.

It makes me think that Providence,
No punishment delays ;
Or else a blind, and cruel Fate,
Has mighty careless ways.

It may be that suggestion brings,
Such things into men's minds ;
And made my father think to use
That sprout to "tan our rinds."

For "tanning" was his business, and
In it he took a pride ;
And he could turn out first class work,
On brute or human hide.

But from that day I've felt assured,
There's little room to choose ;
Between the "tanning" I received,
And soaking in the ooze.

TRYING TO FLY.

One day our leader said, "my pals,
I cannot understand,
Why birds should wiug it through the air,
While we must stay on land?"

"For we are stronger far than they,
And surely there's a way,
If we can find it, by which we
Might rise and soar away."

"'Tis true," he reasoned, "nature gave
Unto the birds their wings;
But why not we, with subtler brain,
Provide us some such things?"

He pioneered the thought along
That line, as may be seen;
For this was long before men sought
To fly with a machine.

But "all things come to him who waits,"
'Tis expectation's dower;
"We'll fly," he said, "as sure as fate,
Within another hour."

We gathered at the redbud tree,
Which grew in the refuse
Of bark once used, but carted here
When drained of all its ooze.

It was an ideal place in which
Aerial flight to try ;
The bark was cushion-like, the tree
Some twenty-five feet high.

With both hands filled with alder boughs,
Our Captain stopped to say,
"I'll leap out of this redbud top,
And flapping sail away."

We watched him while he climbed the tree,
And mutely stood around ;
For deep thoughts stirred within our breast,
And some not so profound.

He stood upon the topmost bough,
And plumed his wings for flight ;
Then cried, "Farewell, I'm going home,"
'Twas an inspiring sight.

Then off he launches from his perch,
(His face a little pale),
But kept his wings agoing like,
A windmill in a gale.

But 'twas no use, the time to fly
Was not yet ripe, and he
Like all whose mind outruns their times,
Must pay the penalty.

Perhaps 'twas gravity that drew
Him from his upper sphere ;
At any rate, down to the earth,
He fell like Lucifer.

With hands upon his abdomen,
He struggled to his knees ;
He was "too full for utterance,"
Or empty, which you please.

His breath was gone, and his desire
To fly had fled away ;
The first returned, the last will not
Until his dying day.

For this the lesson which it taught,
And taught it "good and strong ;"
To covet not another's sphere,
But stay where you belong.

TRYING TO RAISE THE DEAD.

One day this trio started out,
Micawber like, to find
Whatever should "turn up" for us,
To entertain the mind.

We had not long to wait, howe'er,
For an adventure, when
We noticed that a shoat had gone,
Into the old cow-pen.

It was a good-sized Berkshire pig,
A hundred pounds in weight ;
So with a dash we closed him in,
And shut and barred the gate.

Then while they counseled as to fun,
And how they should commence ;
I being small, and sore afraid,
At once climbed on the fence.

The gladiators quickly crossed
The fence into the lot ;
And chased the shoat around the fence,
Till he was tired and hot.

Not only so, but he was mad,
And had enough of that ;
About this time my brother Sam,
Sailed at him his straw hat.

The shoat enraged, now made a rush
For brother's new head-gear ;
But quickly grabbing up a stone,
Sam hit him in the ear.

Sam did not think to hurt the pig,
But frighten him away ;
He knew if that new hat was torn,
There'd be another fray.

It surely was a center shot,
And fatal in result ;
It killed the pig as sure as if,
Hurled from a catapult.

Here now was a predicament,
That dwarfed the other one ;
For what was a new hat torn up,
Beside a murder done ?

And if destruction of a hat,
Would bring him punishment ;
What hope was there now for escape ;
However penitent ?

About this time our boyhood's friend,
Old Aaron, passing by,
Discovered our predicament,
And guessed the reason why.

Old Aaron was a negro slave,
Nor truer could have been,
To us three wayward boys, if he
Had been our kith and kin.

"Go take him through your neighbor's fence,
Up yonder where you see
That pokeweed patch," was all he said,
"And leave the rest to me."

We hid the pig as we were told,
Beside an old oak log ;
And as we silently withdrew,
Felt sorry for the hog.

That day's experience spoiled our fun,
And when night did appear ;
We crept to bed and tried to sleep,
Between Remorse and Fear.

Next morning father called his hogs,
For by him they were fed ;
And all were there except that one,
Up in the pokeweeds, dead.

Then to old Aaron, father said,
"It surely does seem queer,
Perhaps if you should call awhile,
That you can make him hear."

Then Aaron sfood beside the gate,
Near where the hogs were fed,
And called, and called, both long and loud,
But could not raise the dead.

The pokeweed patch its secret kept,
And hid the shoat from view ;
But what became of that poor pig,
My father never knew.

And as I sit and muse today,
 Upon life's griefs and joys ;
I love to think of Aaron's love,
 And friendship for us boys.

And I have often wondered when,
 I cross the "Great Divide ;"
If I shall meet my boyhood friend,
 Upon the other side ?

For though his skin was black as night,
 Yet I should like to see,
And thank him in that better land,
 For all his love to me.

For his was an unselfish love,
 And truer none could be ;
And if for such there's no reward,
 There can be none for me.

IN OTHER MEN'S SHOES.

Each Spring our father gave us boys,
 Sufficient ground to raise,
All of the melons that we wished
 To eat through summer days.

Then he would have another patch,
 Alone for family use ;
But wo to him who foraged there,
 Without a good excuse.

And this inexorable law,
 To all of us applied ;
For ample time to tend our patch,
 Was given us beside.

I cannot tell why it is so,
 But 'tis our nature's curse ;
When things are once prohibited,
 We seem to want them worse.

The explanation it may be,
 Alone in this is found ;
'Tis our divinity of will,
 Refusing to be bound.

I doubt not that our mother Eve,
 Would stroll in Eden still ;
If God had let her have her way,
 And never crossed her will.

I do not say that no restraint
 Is best, for right is right ;
I only say, when man is curbed,
 Straightway he makes a fight.

At any rate, that melon patch,
 Grew "pleasant to our eyes ;"
As did the once forbidden fruit,
 To Eve in Paradise.

And so like she we did not pause,
 To measure the offense ;
But simply thought, we'll make the raid,
 And risk the consequence.

And so we set our wits to work,
 How we might circumvent ;
Not simply the command so much,
 But threatened punishment.

So when our older brothers went
 To church and left behind
Their "everydays," we saw the chance,
 That we now had in mind.

Into the shoes they left behind,
 We slipped our own barefeet ;
Then ambling out all unobserved,
 We hastened for our "treat."

We got two melons, large and long,
 And they were good, indeed ;
But what was worse, we took the ones,
 That father "saved for seed."

For it so happened that before,
 The sun that day was hot ;
That father had been there and "staked
 For seed" the ones we got.

Then going back on Monday morn,
For melons for that day ;
Like Arabs when they fold their tents,
Those two had "stole away."

Then he began detective work,
As men are apt to do,
When there's suspicion of a crime,
That he might find a clew.

He proved a regular Vardeman Jones,
In tracing out the crime ;
And "spotted," as he thought, the thieves,
In little or no time.

He found three tracks of diff'rent size,
And noted that some tacks,
In either shoe, made an imprint
Alike in all the tracks.

These tacks his older boys condemned,
They were undoubted clews ;
For he had put them there himself,
When he had made their shoes.

This settled, he at eventide,
Then charged them with the crime ;
But being innocent, they asked
He give them some more time.

Then one assumed to plead their case,
And said, "You are aware,
That when I left on Sunday morn,
I saw you then in there?"

"You say yourself that at that time,
The melons still were there ;
But when you went in there this morn,
They could be found nowhere."

"This fact you ascertained before
That I returned today ;
Then how could I commit the theft,
When I was miles away?"

"How could my shoes have made the tracks,
And I away from home ;
While they were lying still where I,
Had left them in my room?"

"Undoubtedly, as well you know,
I've proved an alibi ;
May it not be, these other boys,
Are innocent as I?"

Then father said, "You've won your case,
Whatever I believed ;
But if those shoes made not those tracks,
I surely am deceived."

But that his other younger boys,
 Had tricked them in this way ;
Ne'er dawned upon our father's mind,
 Unto his dying day.

All of which proves, however men
 Regard our devilment ;
That circumstantial evidence,
 May hang the innocent.

For had that brother but returned,
 To home that Sunday night ;
No earthly power could them have brought,
 Out of that awkward plight.

'Tis said that "Heaven shapes our ends,
 Rough hew them as we may ;"
And possibly thus intervened,
 To shield them in that day,

But why He let us graceless scamps,
 Escape thereby "Scott free ;"
While innocence was jeopardized,
 Is not so plain to me.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHEN COLD IN THE GRAVE, ETC.

When cold in the grave our bodies are lying,
No more with the living to mingle again ;
When the bleak winter winds above us are sighing,
O whose is the heart that will sigh for us then ?

Will the friends that were ours ere death's cold arms enshrined us,
When they meet, as together we often have met,
Will they speak of the day when to earth they consigned us ?
Will they shed for the absent one tear of regret ?

Will they come when the sun in the west is declining,
To adorn with bright flowers the spot where we rest ?
And while on the green sward round our tomb they're reclining,
Will our mem'ry be sacredly kept in each breast ?

Methinks it were sweet when life's pilgrimage closes,
When the spirit in safety the haven hath gained ;
To know friends oft visit the spot where reposes,
The form they so loved while the spirit remained.

SORROW AND JOY.

Now in pleasure, then in wo,
Thus our moments come and go ;
Each one bringing pain or joy,
As we build up or destroy.

Few the pleasures that the heart
Doth enjoy, ere they part
From our bosoms, leaving bare,
What we fondly thought so fair.

Then a gloomy sadness steals
O'er our feelings, and congeals
Every rippling stream of bliss,
That its icy breathings kiss.

Then the silent streamlet rests,
Fettered in our aching breasts ;
Till sweet pleasure with her ray,
Sends it laughing on its way.

Thus across our path they go,
Tripping pleasure, burdened wo ;
Each one transient, yet 'tis plain,
Sorrow longer doth remain.

HAD MAN NO HOPE.

If man bereft
Of hope, was left
To grope his way in darkness here ;
If life's dark day
Could know no ray
Of light, its deepest gloom to cheer ;

How soon the mind
Of man, would find
Itself deep sunk in fell despair ;
Where not a gleam
Of joy, or beam
Of happiness could enter there.

If here below,
His heart could know
No hope that e'er could give him peace ;
Then would he strive,
His soul to give,
From life's dark prison quick release.

And though he'd dread
Death's vale to tread,
Where naught of life or love could see ;
He'd plunge the tide,
That he might hide
Himself from present misery.

The troubled here,
Sometimes prefer
To 'scape to regions dark, unknown ;
Than sit and sigh,
And wish to die,
Yet know in grief they must live on.

But hope's bright star,
Though from afar,
Still lends its ray to light man's path ;
But while distressed—
By grief oppressed,
A home above, he feels, he hath.

Should he from grief
Find no relief,
His soul still bowed beneath its load ;
Should friends forsake,
Or "riches make
To themselves wings," his hope is God.

AN APPROVING CONSCIENCE.

O give me a mind,
And conscience at rest ;
The feelings which bind
Sweet peace in the breast.
Then glad is my heart,
Though small is my store ;
For with "the good part,"
I'll ask for no more.

I ask not for fame,
 I wish not its wreath ;
There' guilt in the name,
 There's sorrow beneath ;
I'll climb not its height
 On ladders of sin ;
But walk in the light
 Of conscience within.

I'll rival no miser
 By hoarding up gold ;
But seek to be wiser
 Than barter my soul,
For sorrow and pain ;
 Which wealth doth attend,
And turn in disdain
 From Conscience, my friend.

Nor do I desire
 The pleasures of earth,
I long to rise higher
 Than frolicsome mirth ;
I'd wake from earth's dream,
 On heaven's bright shore,
When time's rapid stream,
 Is flowing no more.

LIFE.

“For what is life,” that we should boast?
Few fleeting moments at the most,
Which soon are o’er ;
At best ’tis but a gleam of light,
Soon to be lost in rayless night
Then seen no more.

Life is begun with sorrow’s wail,
Which ceases not until death’s veil,
Shuts out the scene.
We leave to the succeeding age,
At most a worn and blotted page,
To show we’ve been.

While life is but the season given,
In which we must prepare for heav’n,
Or lose our all ;
Still some to earthly pleasure turn,
And by their acts of folly spurn,
Sage wisdom’s call.

While others with uncurbed desire,
With haughty hearts, and proud, aspire
To worldly fame.
Nor note that on each wind that blows,
Death’s herald rides, and will life’s close,
Full soon proclaim,

While not a few with hearts debased
In quest of gold, thereby erased
 Each nobler aim ;
Nor yet reflect when telling o'er
Their treasures, that on heaven's shore,
 They have no claim.

While distant from each other stands
True wisdom's few upon the sands
 Of earth's drear waste ;
Who value life only as they
May best prepare for that great day;
 To which we haste.

LET OTHERS SEEK THE HALLS OF MIRTH.

Let others seek the halls of mirth,
The giddy throng ;
And mingle with the light of heart,
In dance and song ;
Let them "fill high with Samian wine,"
The festal bowl ;
While flashing wit from Beauty's lips,
Entrance the soul.

But be it mine to seek alone,
The woody glen ;
Retired from the busy world,
And haunts of men ;
To muse upon the joys so oft
With sorrow blent,
And weep the many precious hours,
In folly spent.

For there's a rapture found in tears,
A guileless joy ;
That vain, or disappointed hopes,
Cannot destroy.
A freedom from the sinful stain,
The world imparts ;
For vicious thoughts are harbored not,
In saddened hearts.

O THINK NOT THAT A CRUEL FATE.

O think not that a cruel fate,
Hath left thy heart to bear,
The sorrows which upon the wait,
Without a heart to share.
However desolate and lone
The heart at times may feel,
There still is some kind-hearted one,
To whom we may appeal.

There's one to bid our griefs depart,
To share our joy or pain ;
To lift the burden from our heart,
And bid us smile again.
Then dry thy tears, thou saddened one,
Nor deem thyself forlorn ;
Some heart still beats in unison,
With those who joy or mourn.

REFLECTIONS.

I love in thought to wander,
Back to my boyhood days ;
And call the scenes before me,
Which met my youthful gaze.

I love to think of loved ones,
I knew in other years ;
Who watched my erring footsteps,
And chided me in tears.

I know 'twas in affection,
Unselfish, true, and strong ;
They gave the tender chiding,
That made me hate the wrong.

Again they stand before me,
As in the years ago ;
Again I see their faces,
And hear their gentle tone.

I know that still they love me,
As when I saw them last ;
And my heart grows strangely tender,
While musing on the past.

And this awakes a longing,
To know the bliss again ;
I knew when life was younger,
And free from every stain.

For life like running waters,
Is clouded by the clay ;
The further from the fountain,
The stream has run away.

And this is why I wander,
In thought back to my youth ;
And seek again the fountain,
Of innocence and truth.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

There is a bridge shut out from sight,
Has stood since first the silvery wing,
Of time was spread in rapid flight,
Or tuneful nature 'gan to sing.

It spans the flood of passing years,
Our being's short and fleeting measure ;
And leads from poverty and tears,
To an imperishable treasure.

And o'er that bridge by night and day,
Are trooping weary travelers ;
Who burdened hurry on their way,
To lose their load of gloomy fears.

Nor gleeful song, nor voice of mirth,
Them from their sorrows deep can start ;
Nor earthly pleasure's sweetest note,
Can wake an echo in their heart.

O would'st thou know that bridge ? alas,
O'er which life's weary journey lies ;
O'er which our thoughts so often pass,
It is the doleful *Bridge of Sighs*.

HEAVEN.

There shall be no more curse.—Rev.

There is a land where no rude blast,
 Shall ever blow,
Where chilly winter ne'er shall cast,
 His fleecy snow.
Where genial spring forever reigns,
And fairest flowers and verdant plains,
Their hues and verdure e'er retains,
 In all their glow.

No tear of sorrow shall be shed
 On that bright shore ;
And wails above our loved ones, dead,
 Are heard no more.
For sickness, sorrow, pain, and death,
The sinking pulse, the failing breath,
Yea, all the ills we've known beneath,
 Their reign is o'er.

Their age shall never dim the eye,
 Nor shall grow old
The heart, nor pleasure fail and die ;
 But there unfold
Beauty's vision, radiant, bright,
Perpetual youth, supreme delight,
Palms of victory, robes of white,
 And harps of gold.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

As on each marble slab we read,
His name, who lies beneath ;
As softly, silently, we tread,
Along the aisles of death.

While mem'ry busy with the past,
Recalls each form so dear ;
One saddened glance adown we cast,
And brush away a tear.

So 'mid these tokens which a pure,
Unselfish friendship penned ;
Read on this page the signature,
Of thy unfailing friend.

And as you read, in kindness let
Sweet mem'ry then attend ;
And heave one sigh of fond regret,
For him, thy absent friend.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

'Tis when our sky is cleared,
And on our heads descends,
The blessings which are dearest,
We have no lack of friends.

But when our sky is covered,
With gloomy clouds all o'er ;
Those friends that round us hovered,
Now hover there no more.

Their sympathy is ours,
 Whene'er we need them not ;
When heavy grows the hours,
 How soon we are forgot.

Appareled in disguises,
 Feigning a friendship warm ;
Whene'er the tempest rises,
 They leave us to the storm.

Ay, bless the storm that pillows,
 Our head beneath the surge ;
If they upon its billows,
 Can from the depths emerge.

DEATH.

Ay, but to die, O how we dread
The thought that we must with the dead,
 In silence lie.
Life's pleasures we regard as nought,
When we have fully grasped the thought,
 That we must die.

Yet if we to this truth assent,
But cling to joys that oft are blent
 With earthly wo ;
Then we ne'er fully felt the truth,
That death with icy hand, nor ruth,
 Will lay us low.

For what it is to droop and die,
To quit the walks of life and lie
 Down in the grave?
Is it to quit our hold on life,
Its toils, its tumults, and its strife?
 These last we crave.

Is it that we must bid adieu,
To those who've proved their friendship through
 Life's pilgrimage?
Or for the heart to vainly yearn,
Still for that friendship when we turn,
 Our life's last page?

O tell me is not death the spell,
That's broken when we say farewell
 To some fond heart;
And quit the bleak and barren shore
Of time, to tread its sands no more?
 'Tis this in part.

But ah, 'tis not the whole of death,
To say farewell, resign our breath,
 And pass away.
Though death is but a passage dark,
Where (without grace divine) no spark
 Will lend its ray;

Yet at the further end's a gate,
Through which we pass into a state
 Of weal or wo.

And on our actions here depends,
The bliss or misery that ne'er ends,
 To which we go.

But if the whole of death was known
To be an endless sleep, how lone,
 How deep the gloom !
Shut in forever from our friends,
Where life and hope forever ends,
 O rayless tomb!

For life has an instinctive dread
Of death, e'en though its power is sped,
 With our dull clay ;
But if it could the soul destroy,
What wretches we who hope for joy
 In endless day.

O could we but appreciate,
The length of that eternal state,
 Which ours shall be ;
And that the future life of bliss,
Is to be gained or lost in this,
 How changed were we.

Kind Heaven grant that we may feel,
That our eternal wo or weal,
 Lives in our breast ;
And aid us by thy heavenly grace,
To strive until we find the place,
 Of endless rest.

LAMENT OF DIDO.

Ere I make the fatal thrust,
That shall end a life of pain ;
Ere I moulder into dust,
Let me, let me weep again.

Few more tears shed o'er the past,
Will be sweet ere life has fled ;
Since I feel they are the last,
That by me shall ere be shed.

Let me ere the light of mind,
Is eclipsed in deathly gloom ;
Let me mourn the deed unkind,
That has fixed my fatal doom.

Would that I might once again,
Ere has run life's wasting sand ;
Weep above my Sicheus slain,
By a brother's cruel hand.

O Sicheus, yet with tearful eye,
I thy cruel fate deplore ;
And I weep that I must die,
Exiled from the Tyrian shore.

Farewell Tyre, yet why farewell,
Since I long have fled thy shore ;
Yet my heart did with thee dwell,
Now must dwell with thee no more.

Though you've wronged me and I wept,
Fleeing to a shore untried ;
Yet 'twere sweet in death to 've slept,
By my own loved Sicheus' side.

FRIENDSHIP.

O blessed the moments when given to know,
The pleasures presented in friendship's pure glow ;
We bask in its sunshine and quickly forget,
The sorrows by which life's path is beset.

The heart that has long been burdened with care,
Whose hopes have been crushed by the tread of despair,
How soon, O how soon is made to rejoice,
When it catches the tones of friendship's sweet voice.

'Tis the "oil of gladness," a feast to the mind,
Encompassed by sorrow if then we may find,
A heart ever ready, and waiting to share,
A part of the woes Fate gives us to bear.

And O when the tooth of slander shall tear,
Into shreds the virtues we prided to wear,
And kindred and friends shall turn in disdain,
The hearts that once loved us, but ne'er shall again.

When dark grows the world and darker the soul,
And the floodtide of malice above us shall roll ;
When the storm of derision shall burst on our head,
And the flowers of hope lie scattered and dead—

O then 'twere a draught refreshing to taste,
A deep well of water in the heart's dreary waste,
To see the bright tear of sympathy flow,
From the eye of another whose heart feels our wo.

KINDNESS.

The hope of richer joys above,
O let us fondly cherish,
And for the heart that scorns our love,
A kindly feeling nourish.
The gentle dews new life impart,
And fading flowers flourish ;
So kindness shown the erring heart,
May gain him ere he perish.

If we should spend our life in sin,
And be forgiving never ;
And nurse the fires of wrath within,
Till soul and body sever ;
Yet in the world to which we steer,
We'll find it vain endeavor,
For there the sins committed here,
We shall account forever.

Then school thy lips to gentle tone,
Thy temper rude forsaking ;
Thou shouldst not live for self alone,
But soothe the heart that's breaking ;
For if we act with kindness, lest
We pain the heart that's aching,
We then shall rouse in our own breast,
A feeling worth awaking.

THE DYING SKIRMISHER.

On Kenesaw's height the moon shone bright,
Where the Rebel legions lay ;
And their armor gleamed in its silvery beams,
As they slept in battle array.

A low wind moaned in the tow'ring pines,
Where the sentry paced his beat ;
And the gray rocks seemed in the moon's cold beams,
Like ghosts in their winding sheet.

Then a troop went down the mountain side,
Through the wood and tangled vine ;
They went to take in the field and brake,
Their post on the skirmish line.

"Five steps apart," was the brief command,
But said in a whispered breath ;
And each stopped short and faced to the foe,
As he reached his post of death.

A flash and a roar, 'mid whistling balls,
And the battle had begun ;
But many a life went out with the strife,
Before the victory was won.

A dead, dull thud, like a ball of mud,
When 'tis thrown against a wall ;
And my right hand friend had reached life's end,
By the force of a musket ball.

I knelt by his side and called his name,
As I clasped his hand in mine ;
"Tell mother," he said, as his spirit fled,
"I died on the skirmish line."

Though far away from mother and home,
And dying amid the fray ;
His only thought was duty and love,
While his life was ebbing away.

We gently bore him back to the rear,
But knowing his life was gone ;
And we wept above his cold, dead face,
In the light of the early dawn.

His grave we made in the deep cool shade
Of an oak tree and a pine ;
And wrote on the board we set at his head,
"He died on the skirmish line."

O comrades, brave, in the battle of life,
Where'er stern duty shall call ;
Only be true to the end in view,
Whatever fate may befall.

Then whether at home or on tented field,
We fall in defense of the right ;
Like this soldier boy we'll find it a joy,
To die in the front of the fight.

Then when we all at the last roll call,
Shall answer the call divine,
He'll not then wait at the beautiful gate,
Who dies on the skirmish line.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Life bears us on, how like a stream—
A mighty, rushing river ;
For though our progress slow may seem,
We're hast'ning onward ever.

Adown the tide at first we glide,
While nought mars nature's order ;
And happy in our youthful pride,
We watch its grassy border.

In dreams of youthful fancy float,
Our fond desires, unceasing.
Elate with some fond hope, we note
Not that our speed's increasing.

The roses stooping o'er its brink,
The passing waves are kissing ;
We see and sadly, fondly think,
Of loved ones that are missing.

Again they stand upon life's strand,
We see their blooming faces ;
Till Death with cold and icy hand,
Tears them from our embraces.

Of pleasures gone, of friends bereft,
Each funeral knell reminds us ;
Still rolls life's tide and we have left,
Our joys and griefs behind us.

Though rough or smooth still on we glide,
With the river's onward motion ;
Until we hear the seething tide—
The roaring of the ocean.

The land is fading from our view,
No more we're on life's river ;
We whisper one more fond adieu,
And quit the earth forever.

EARTHLY THINGS ARE FLEETING.

O time, thine ever rolling tide,
Flows onward to the sea ;
Thy fleeting moments swiftly glide
Into eternity.

There's naught that we can bring to chain,
Or court a moments' stay ;
The ripening years begin to wane,
Then haste to their decay.

The sun but climbs the orient,
And sheds his beams of light ;
Then down the distant occident,
He takes his rapid flight.

Pale Luna strives with modest ray,
Till fullness she attains ;
Completed once she shrinks away,
She waxes and she wanes.

The youth to manhood quickly grows,
And then to tottering age ;
Few fleeting years but soon disclose,
Completion of life's page.

Sweet pleasure brings to us its greeting,
But ah, how short its stay ;
Like hurried moments, it is fleeting,
It comes—and then away.

The lavish hand of smiling Spring,
But clothes the earth in green ;
Till follows on stern winter's king,
And blasts the verdant scene.

The simple unpretending flower,
Comes decked in colors gay ;
It greets us for a single hour,
Then with'ring fades away.

So, laughs to scorn the giant oak,
The threat'ning peals of thunder ;
But ah, the scathing lightning's stroke,
Has rent its heart asunder.

The chain which binds the firmest friends,
O who would think to sever ;
Yet time and absence often rends,
And breaks its links forever.

The sweetest strain and fondest word
By which the ear is greeted ;
Lingers only till 'tis heard,
And then alas, has fled.

Alas, that all regales the eye,
All that the heart may cherish ;
Should bloom to wither and to die,
Should germinate to perish.

DESTINY.

A dew-drop on the mountain top,
To a leaflet hung suspended ;
While the winds of heav'n from east to west,
From west to east contended.

I watched with deep anxiety,
The dewdrop's wavering motions ;
For I thought to see its course commence,
To one of the great oceans.

I thought of the two great waters then,
By this long range* divided;
And knew the drop on the mountain top,
To one must be confided.

I saw one mild, like a little child,
 The other raging, frantic
But there was more in the names they bore,—
 Pacific and Atlantic.

I saw the soul like that little drop,
 By the thread of life suspended ;
While the love of God and Satan's rage,
 To gain it here contended.

With feeling intense and dread suspense,
 I waited the soul's decision ;
For I knew 'twould quake in the fiery lake,
 Or roam the fields Elysian.

I turned my glance o'er the wide expanse,
 Where the good and evil sever ;
And knew the goal of the restless soul,
 Would be its home forever.

I saw the land where that happy band,
 Go no more out forever ;
And life-giving trees which heal disease,
 Beside the beautiful river.

I heard the song of the white robed throng,
 It was "Redemption's Story ;"
And my soul was stirred by what I heard,
 From the Angel's home in glory.

But far beneath in the land of death,
By midnight gloom surrounded ;
In wrathful storm there writhed the form—
“Confusion worse confounded.”

And I heard no note of rapture float,
From the abode of error;
But the wails that rose from that land of woes,
Distracted me with terror.

*Rocky Mountains.

THE TRIUMPH OF WRONG.

'Tis the last happy moment,
I ever may know;
For my hope for the future,
Is crushed by this blow.
I struggled to prevent it,
But struggled in vain ;
For the hand least suspected,
Did rivet my chain.

O false is such friendship,
And worse than a foe,
Is the heart that deceives us,
By only a show,
Of the feelings of friendship,
Whence once we confide ;
But when troubles assail us,
Then turn and deride.

But the foul tongue of slander,
That blights a fair name,
Is as good as the friendship,
That sanctions such shame.
And the hands that are reeking,
With the blood they have spilt,
Are not worse than the bosoms,
That close with their guilt.

But I'll yield not though humbled,
In being betrayed,
By my friend, the base idol,
My fancy had made.
For the spirit untarnished,
By motives of shame ;
Should not bow in submission,
To those who defame.

But it taught me a lesson,
I'll never forget ;
That when life's rugged journey,
By snares is beset ;
To be lonely and friendless,
Before you confide ;
In one whom misfortune,
Can drive from your side.

CLOSE OF DAY.

“ 'Tis the quiet hour of feeling,
Now the busy day is past ;
And the evening shadows stealing,
O'er the world their mantle cast ;
Now the spirit worn and saddened,
Which the cares of day had bowed ;
By its gentle influence gladdened,
Forth emerges from the cloud.”

“While on Mem'ry's magic pages,
Rise our long lost joys to light,
Like shadowy forms of other ages,
From the oblivious breast of night.”
And our youthful dreams of pleasure,
Which on fancy's wings were wove,
Ope again their golden treasure,
Bidding still our hearts to rove.

But the thought that on the morrow,
Pressed again with cumbrous care,
We but plod our way in sorrow,
To the grave to leave it there ;
For the mind will not be fettered,
And the soul will not be chained,
But by heav'nly grace is bettered,
Rising from the clay unstained.

Sweet the thought, O happy mortals,
Thus to find the "living way,"
Through death's dark and gloomy portals,
Into an eternal day ;
Where the heart shall know no sadness,
Nor shall earthly cares corrode ;
But where all is joy and gladness,
Blest communion with our God.

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

Supposed to have been the sentiment of Gen. Jo. Shelby, and his men who followed him to Mexico at the close of the Civil War, expecting to make that country their future home.

Farewell to the land where freedom was ever,
The people's proud boast, now bound with a chain ;
Farewell to the land where rolls the great river,
Whose waters are red with the blood of the slain.
O once I revered thee, ay, loved thee full well,
O would that thy people had loved thee the same;
Then would my sad heart with devotion still swell,
And beat with fond rapture to think of thy name.

Farewell to the flag I once loved so dearly,
No more forever thy protection I claim,
I leave thee to those who are allied so nearly,
To the legions that follow in tyranny's train.
And tho' from the dome of yon capitol gray,
With defiance you fling your folds to the air ;
While millions shall hail thee on their nation's birthday,
I feel that emotion no more I can share.

Farewell to the heroes who struggled defending,
The landmarks of freedom our fathers had planted;
Whose love of their country in reverses unbending,
Whose courage in battle remaining undaunted.
Their rights and their country how fondly they cherished,
But lost is their freedom, and changed is her lot,
Yet her fabrics of art shall long since have perished,
Before their proud deeds shall e'er be forgot.

Farewell to the mounds beneath which reposes,
The forms of my comrades who in battle were slain;
May their slumbers be sweet till eternity discloses,
The dear spot of earth where so long they have lain.
Not soon will their mem'ry pass out of the heart,
Of those who have loved them and fought by their side,
But bewailing their fate our tears will oft start,
When rememb'ring the martyrs who gloriously died.

Farewell thou grim despots* who heeded no groan,
Of the millions who writhe 'neath the stroke of thy rod ;
Thou shalt for thy crimes in sorrow atone,
To the people, thy masters, thy country, and God.
We go to a land where thy tyranny shall never,
Hew down with a stroke proud liberty's tree ;
But asserted shall end in a fruitless endeavor,
To gall with thy yoke the necks of the free.

1865.

*The then Congress.

MEDITATIONS AT NIGHT.

Oft we think when night's dark mantle,
Wraps the earth in darkest gloom,
Like the shades the dead surroundeth,
Sleeping in the silent tomb ;

As we stand with heads uncovered,
Gazing at the deep blue sky ;
And behold the bright stars peering,
From their pearly depths on high ;

That thy too are worlds created
By the Hand that made this one,
And are peopled by a being,
Not perhaps unlike earth's son.

But another thought awakens,
For athwart that star-decked sky,
Flaming comets, rushing furies,
Fired by the Almighty's eye;

Dash with speed of winged lightning,
Then their light is seen no more;
And we wonder if they wander,
Darkling on the Stygian shore?

Then we think of fated Sodom,
And the cities of the plain ;
Which were rased to their foundation,
By a fiery, burning rain.

Then our minds will leap the future,
That the bounds of time disclose ;
And we see our own earth writhing,
In her final, fiery throes.

And we see those bright orbs paling,
Which have lent to earth their light;
And the world in darkness robing,
For the universe is night.

Then with hands towards heaven extended,
We our meditations close
With a prayer that God will shield us,
In that fearful day of woes.

NOT SATISFIED.

Earth cannot satisfy the soul,
Nor can our tyrant wills control,
Its motions, though oft tried ;
For man who has his bliss destroyed,
Has left within an aching void,
Unfilled, unsatisfied,

The monarch with his golden crown,
Immense domain, and great renown,
Which he'll with none divide;
By subjects, nobles, all reversed,
E'en crowned heads hang on his word,
Yet he's not satisfied.

The crested warrior that did wield,
His sword upon the battlefield,
 Where thousands fell and died ;
Who thereby gained the world's applause,
By violating Heav'ns laws,
 He is not satisfied.

And he who has inscribed his name,
Upon the haughty roll of fame—
 Whose glory is world wide ;
Looks down in scorn on those who fain,
Would to those dizzy heights attain,
 But is not satisfied.

The miser when his coffers hold,
No longer his excess of gold,
 Which he beholds with pride ;
Resolving to increase his gain,
And thereby purchase bliss, how vain !
 He is not satisfied.

The peasant in his humble cot,
Depressed by his impoverished lot,
 The needs of life denied ;
Exempt from all corroding cares,
Of riches, and attendant snares,
 Still he's not satisfied.

And Pleasures' giddy devotee,
Who thinks that no felicity,
 Exists his zone outside ;

Yet even in the mazy dance,
Where fairy's smiles his joys enhance,
He is not satisfied.

There's no condition, sex, or age,
Imagined on life's fairest page,
Where flows one joyful tide;
But there is traced in living light,
The dreary thought our hearts indite,
We are not satisfied.

For since man lost his first estate,
It is the stern decree of fate,
That he shall so abide ;
Nor e'er attain his former place,
Till he is with the plan of grace,
Entirely satisfied.

MARY'S OFFERING.

After his weary battles with the cold,
And quest'ning Pharisees, our blessed Lord,
Heartsick and hungry, faint and weak with toil
Incessant, bearing meekly yet the sneers
Of those he fain would help, but who would not
His kind and loving ministries receive ;
His heart longed for that sympathy and love,
Which comes alone from other souls, akin
In friendly feeling and in thought. And so

When on his path the evening shades began
To fall, he took his way over the brow
Of Olivet, towards his friends who dwelt
At Bethany.

And while he here reclined
At meal, with those he loved, in Simon's house,
(A leper now no more, but had been healed
By loving touch when he besought with prayer
Importunate, and begged to be made clean.)
Poor Mary, with the spirit of her Lord,
With throbbing heart, and soul aflame with love
For him who had her many sins forgiven,
Now came into the room, intent alone
On showing some sweet token of her love,
And brought her precious gift of rare perfume,
And with a heart indiff'rent to the jeers
Of any who might laugh her love to scorn,
She broke the box and poured the ointment forth
Upon her Savior's head and feet, and as
Her penitential tears streamed down her cheeks,
She kneeling down upon the floor, intent
Upon the office of her love alone,
Unbound her tresses fair, a woman's pride,
She kissed his feet and wiped them with her hair.

O what a proof of her sweet love was this !
It was her all, and precious, yet she stopped
Not once to count the cost, but deemed it all
Too poor to give to her more precious Lord.

O how this richness of her precious gift,
Doth shame our stingy souls, that we should hoard
With miser's greed the gifts our God bestows,
And thanklessly refuse to make returns.

How many now content themselves with words
Alone, or else would hide their light from men,
As if a thing of which to be ashamed.
Our shame is this : that love should not take form,
And manifest itself in loving deeds.
For he who is our Pattern and our Lord,
Hath said, "ye are my friends who do my will,"
The proof of love is in the sacrifice.
Who will not give nor work, nor means for God,
His claims of love is but a wicked fraud.
Who loves a friend, for him himself denies,
And greater love means greater sacrifice.

Then 'tis no "waste," as Judas said, to give
Our time and means for Jesus sake alone,
Who hath redeemed us at infinite cost,
And makes us all we are or hope to be.
Faultfinding is a proof of selfishness,
Akin to that dark sin which sells our Lord.
For no investment greater was than this,
For who can count the millions giv'n by those,
Since moved to gen'rous deeds of love by this
Plain record of devotion to her Lord,
And which shall keep sweet Mary's mem'ry green,
In loving hearts to furthest stretch of time.

From this sweet story let us learn, to pour
The ointment of our hearts affection forth,
Long sealed to God and good, and useless thus,
That its sweet fragrance may be shed on all
Around in gentle words and deeds of love
For Jesus' sake. And though the selfish world
May scoff, and call it "waste," as Judas did,
Yet God will know and understand. And thus,
Approved, like Mary we can bear its jeers,
And count it well to suffer for his sake?

EARLIER POEMS.

IN OTHER YEARS, ETC.

In other years when far removed,
 If such thy lot shall be ;
From all thou here hast fondly loved,
 From all who here love thee ;

When other scenes than these shall rise,
 To meet thy raptured sight ;
And thou shall dwell 'neath other skies,
 And other hopes invite ;

With other friends surrounded then,
 However true and fond ;
Wilt thou forget what we have been,
 Bound with affections bond ?

No, no, that heart whose faithful love,
 Responsive beats to mine ;
Though parted never false could prove,
 Or see that love decline.

And though thou mayest form other ties,
 That round thy heart shalt twine ;
And "other eyes look love to eyes,"
 Whose light has been my shrine ;

Yet this and all fond love protests,
Whose eloquence has grown ;
By gazing on the charms possessed,
By thee, and thee alone ;

Will but a sweet reminder be,
Of that strange, mystic tie ;
That bound my heart to love and thee,
In the long years gone by.

O then thou wilt recall the bliss,
Of vanished years, wilt yearn
For one sweet hour of love like this,
Wilt sigh for their return.

The while sweet thoughts my mem'ry 'll stir,
With sighs I'll answer true ;
The zephyr be our messenger,
And sighs our *billet-doux*,

O RESTLESS HEART.

O restless heart, let me linger
Awhile on the barren shore
Of time, while fond mem'ry's finger
Points to scenes I'll see no more,

“Sweet home, ever dear to my heart !”
O once in innocent glee :
Ere grief and care became a part
Of the lot that fell to me ;

'Twas mine with brothers, sisters, dear,
To while the fleeting hours away ;
Nor dreaming then once of "the sear
And yellow leaf" of joys decay.

Nor thought we then there could a change
Come over our youthful dream ;
Nor ought could e'er our hearts estrange,
Or darken e'er affection's beam.

Then as children thought we and spake,
Nor spake ought but guileless truth ;
Nor knew that selfish age, can break,
The pledges made in early youth.

But changed is now my childhood's home,
Remain no more that happy band
Around the old hearthstone. Some roam
As strangers in a distant land ;

And one, the matchless, and the good,
Fell the archer death before ;
And underneath the earth's cold sod,
He sleeps now on a southern shore.

One link in the chain was broken,
There was made one narrow bed ;
Above which now affections's token,
Heartfelt sorrow's tear is shed.

But time like a trap-door will hide
The vacuum now made in our heart.
Until another link divide,
And ope the awful chasm, to start
Anew our floods of grief. And so
'Twill be till death shall claim the rest,
And Lethe's silent tide shall flow,
Above each cold and pulseless breast.
1870.

TO F. M. EMMONS.

Brother, you've a long time wandered,
On that distant, golden shore ;
And in thought I've often pondered,
If you will return no more ?

Nineteen years ago you left us,
Nineteen years ago today ;
Of what joys time has bereft us,
Since the day you went away.

Things familiar, and their traces,
Vanished as a shifting scene ;
While upon your kindred's faces,
May the marks of time be seen.

Now our parents heads are growing,
Hoary with the frosts of age ;
While life's current slowly flowing,
But presages life's last page.

Ay, we all are growing older,
And the bloom fades from the heart ;
But affection grows not colder,
With the years since we did part.

Yet impatience seems to smother,
Every hope we entertain ;
For we've waited long, dear brother,
To behold your face again.

Brother, will you wander ever,
Far from loved ones, friends, and home ?
Chide us not, for time is never,
Precious to the hearts that roam.

And the love you might enjoy,
For you now we hoard in vain ;
Brother, come, there's no alloy,
In the gold our hearts contain.

Father, mother, long to meet you,
Soon their pilgrimage is done ;
Brother, come, they wait to greet you,
Linger, and they will be gone.

April 9, 1869.

IN MEMORY

Of Sam'l F. Emmons, Who Died Feb. 14, 1867.

O sad is my heart, dear Brother,
And dark is the world to me now ;
For I feel that never another,
Will love me again as did'st thou.

Thy love was like a deep river,
Though strong yet gentle the stream ;
Thy heart the mirror that ever,
Reflected affection's bright beam.

Though death rentless bereft me,
Though hard I felt the decree ;
Yet next to thy presence it left me,
Sweet mem'ry, fond mem'ry of thee.

Though gone I still hear thee pleading,
"O brother, prepare for the grave ;"
And my heart is oft left bleeding,
Neglecting the counsel you gave.

In dreams thou often art near me,
Thou comest to banish despair ;
Thou sayest, "'tis Jesus will hear thee,
If thou will be earnest in prayer."

If God to mortals benighted,
Gives angels a ministry ;
I know thy spirit delighted,
My guardian angel will be.

Blest thought, when the last scene is closing,
When earth is receding from view;
Ere I in death am reposing,
Am speaking my last fond adieu;

Above me then thou wilt hover,
If I in thy footsteps have trod ;
And when the struggle is over,
Together we'll mount up to God.

VAINLY YOU MAY SEEK, ETC.

Vainly you may seek to know,
Why my sorrows never cease ;
For you ne'er hath felt the wo,
Of a heart devoid of peace.

Only when the bosom heaves,
From its depths the bitter sigh ;
Only when the spirit grieves,
O'er the fleeting hopes that die ;

Only when the soul shall yearn,
For the boon it cannot find ;
Can the saddened spirit learn,
Of the conflict in my mind.

Long amid the giddy throng,
Where earth's pleasures thickly fell ;
Where the lightsome hearts belong,
And sin weaves its fatal spell ;

Did I linger seeking pleasure,
Joys that grief cannot invade ;
But when I had filled my measure,
They would like a vision fade.

And when others wore a smile
As they quaffed the joys of earth ;
I forgot my grief awhile,
To be happy in their mirth.

But my gladness ceased, for O
Earthly joys we cannot bind ;
For no lasting bliss we know,
When is lost our peace of mind.

And I've sought in solitude
Till my hope is growing cold ;
Still my prayer is for that food,
That will satisfy the soul.

For the joys of earth at best,
Are but sorrow in disguise ;
And they leave the heart oppressed,
When the floods of grief arise.

And they promise to us nought,
When the close of life is seen ;
But they'll rack us with the thought,
Of what we might then have been.

1860.

HAPPIEST WHEN NEAREST.

'Tis said that, "distance lends enchantment to view,"
Yet lovers ne'er willingly test it ;
Or testing they silently agree 'tis untrue,
At least, none ever confessed it.

While others may find a secret delight,
And deem it an exquisite pleasure ;
To have at a distance, or hidden from sight,
Their bosom's adorable treasure ;

Yet lovers will never agree to remove,
Far distant affection's elected ;
For surely it is not the nature of love,
To demolish what it has erected.

For building its hopes on one object alone,
'Tis natural the heart should adore it ;
And hearts are most humble when nearest the throne,
And happiest when bowing before it.

I ASK NOT, ETC.

I ask not for one deep-fetched sigh,
For now thou lovest another ;
And love the heart so soon can fly,
Cannot be worth the bother.

I ask not for thy radiant smile,
For oft it did deceive me ;
It would but greet me for awhile,
Alas, again to leave me.

I ask not for a single word,
Of friendship for a token ;
Too oft alas, thy vows I've heard,
Unless less often broken.

I ask not for another kiss,
Like those which once you gave me;
Too long I've felt 'twas fancied bliss,
To let you more enslave me.

I ask not for a single tear,
For wrongs that you have done me ;
No, no, 'tis them that most I fear,
'Twas once by them you won me.

No more your sighs or smiles can please,
My dream of love is over ;
I am no more the slave of these,
I am no more—thy lover.

HAD I SOME LONE RETREAT, ETC.

Had I some lone retreat,
Far from the haunts of men ;
Far from their base deceit,
Would I be happy then?

Beside the purling brook,
 Deep in some woody glen;
With nature for my book,
 Would I be happy then?

But ah, though I might shun,
 The world's deceit, yet when
My thoughts went back to one,
 Would I be happy then?

No, no, the heart might bear,
 Through life to dwell apart;
Yet I could never tear,
 Her image from my heart.

Within my breast there still,
 A yearning would remain,
A longing that the will,
 Would strive to curb in vain.

And all the bliss that spot,
 Could offer for my cheer;
Would vanish with the thought,—
 ‘‘I'm parted from my dear.’’

MY HEART'S IDEAL.

I know a girl
With golden curl,
"To know her is to love her ;"
Her eyes so blue,
And bright to view,
The heavens pale above her.

To her fair brow,
My heart doth bow,
In silent admiration ;
While her sweet lips,
Doth far eclipse,
The hue of the carnation.

But O the smile,
That beams the while,
Enkindling fondest rapture ;
Is but the sheen,
Through which is seen,
The heart I long to capture.

Though some there are,
With raven hair,
And optics bright and gleaming ;
Yet there are none,
Beneath the sun,
As lovely in her seeming.

Here all of grace,
In form or face,
Utopian or real ;
In union sweet,
In her doth meet,
My loving heart's ideal.

SYMPATHY.

The heart that oft hath felt the blight,
Of blooming hopes, and gloomy night,
Of dread unrest,
Can feel and know the piercing throes
Of those who pine in bitter woes,
By grief oppressed.

Then wake my sympathy for her
Who doth my drooping spirits cheer,
By gentle word ;
For when I feel most sad and lone,
Her gentle word, and soothing tone,
By me is heard.

Then banished be my mirthful glee,
For my good angel now I see,
With tearful eyes ;
And with those tears she doth appeal,
My own not coldly to congeal,
But let them rise.

My aching head she oft hath pressed
With tenderness against her breast
 And soothed the pain ;
Then should I act the lover's part,
And clasp her fondly to my heart,
 She'll smile again.

For why should we tread sorrow's vale,
Where friends and hopes so often fail,
 If not to prove them ?
And we could never soothe their pain,
And have in turn ours soothed again,
 Did we not love them.

SONG.

O Give Me Back My Heart.

O give me back my heart as free,
 As when at first you found it,
There is no happiness for me,
 With all those ties around it ;
Since I to one as fair as thou,
 My faith long since has plighted,
Then give me back the treasure now,
 Ere every hope is blighted.

Yet O 'tis hard to give thee up,
 With all those charms about thee,
And life will prove a bitter cup,
 To love and live without thee ;

Yet still my heart must true remain,
Another's claims are stronger ;
Then give me back my heart again,
Nor keep it from me longer.

Another's smiles you soon will win,
Your heart its sighs will smother ;
And you'll forget what we have been,
When you shall love another.
Then give me back my heart as free,
As when at first you found it ;
There is no happiness for me,
With all those ties around it.

NEVER.

Never, never, it is idle,
Now by tears to seek to move,
Him who would not passion bridle,
Till thy heart had scorned his love.

Lover's quarrels soon are over,
When by petty faults are made ;
But when we at last discover,
That our trust has been betrayed ;

Nought will then again awaken,
That pure feeling that it owned ;
Which the poor, lone heart, forsaken,
Felt ere it had been dethroned.

Had thy heart beat with affection
Pure as mine once beat for thee ;
Then the anguish of reflection,
Would not now be felt by me.

Nor would'st thou have then in madness,
Spurned a love so fond and true ;
And thou would'st not now in sadness,
Plead that I should pledge anew.

Then our hopes had not been blighted,
By estrangement's with'ring breath ;
But our hearts by love united,
Constant would have been till death.

With a fervent, pure devotion,
Long I worshiped at thy shrine ;
Whil'st each inward thought and motion,
Of my heart was wholly thine.

But at last the spell is broken,
Which so long had chained my heart ;
And the cruel words were spoken,
Which has killed my love. *We part.*

NOW AND THEN.

It once was my pleasure, (why is it not now?)
With hope in my heart and youth on my brow,
To think of the future as being possessed,
Of all that was needed to render me blessed.

Yea, my bosom has thrilled with an inward delight
As I thought of that future so happy and bright ;
But the feeling those thoughts awoke in my breast,
Is all of that bliss I ever possessed.

O hard is the fate the wretched must bear,
And deep is the gloom, akin to despair,
That settles upon the heart in that day,
Its visions of bliss are fading away.

Not the knell that is rung when the spirit hath left,
The clay that we loved, and our bosoms bereft,
Drives in on the soul the bitterness felt,
When the idol is broken to which we have knelt.

O 'tis as if we through pleasure had passed,
To taste of its sweetness and then to be cast,
On some desert island while vessels sail nigh,
To mock at our anguish and leave us to die.

LONGING FOR REST.

When shall the weary heart find rest ?
When shall its longings cease ?
When shall the aching, bleeding breast
From sorrow find release ?

Few are the joys that are allowed,
E'en to the favored few ;
These vanish like the morning cloud,
Or like the pearly dew.

There's no abiding pleasure sent,
To cheer our earthly stay ;
And fleeting ones are only lent,
To wean our hearts away,

From sordid things of time and earth,
Which lasting bliss destroys ;
To teach our hearts the treasured worth,
Of everlasting joys.

Then let our pure affections rise,
To high and nobler things ;
Than earth presents, or hearts devise,
Wherein no virtue springs.

TO * * * * BY REQUEST.

I often am thinking,
Of one that I love ;
And often I wonder,
If ever he'll prove
The love he professes,
By joining his fate,
To her he has hinted,
To claim as his mate.

I know much of sorrow,
But little of joy,
For every tomorrow
My heart doth annoy,

With thoughts that my lover,
Deceptive may prove,
And I shall discover,
I've wasted my love.

What joy 'twould afford me,
To know that his heart,
Had ever adored me,
Since last we did part ?
O sweet the reflection,
With feeling unchained ;
To know his affection,
Has constant remained.

O could I determine
The thoughts unexpressed,
The hidden emotion
That wells in his breast ;
What rapture transporting,
If there I should find,
Affection my image,
Within has enshrined.

MY DREAM ANGEL.

Last night I saw an angel,
For she could not have been,
A creature of the fancy,
Or of this world of sin.

For fancy cannot picture,
A creature half so fair ;
And earth hath not a being,
That with her will compare.

Her brow was like the marble,
And golden were her curls ;
Her cheek the sweet carnation,
Her teeth was white as pearls ;

But the beauty that enthralled me,
Was in her love-lit eyes ;
For they were bright as diamonds,
And blue as summer skies.

And as I gazed upon her,
This beauty so divine ;
I could but wish her mortal,
That I might call her mine.

For what henceforth were pleasure,
Or earthly forms to me ;
Since I had seen this angel,
Of perfect symmetry ?

Yet with a smile she met me,
And placed her hand in mine ;
In token that her future,
To me she did consign.

I clasped her to my bosom,
And called her then my own ;
She smiled a sweet approval,
I 'woke and she——was gone.

And all day long in sorrow,
And sadness I have pined ;
With an aching in my bosom,
And a gloom upon my mind.

For the light of life hath left me,
My joy hath turned to pain ;
And nought can ever cheer me,
But her sweet smile again.

O darkness, speed thy coming,
Fast fade the rays of light ;
And let me see my angel,
That I beheld last night.

My few short hours of pleasure,
I'll give for years of pain ;
If I tonight might only,
Dream o'er that dream again.

TO * * * * *

O how can a rhymer,
Oft wooing the muse,
A fair, lovely maiden,
His verses refuse ;

And too, when her beauty,
Is such as is thine ;
True friendship with pleasure,
Will give her a line.

Yet vain is the effort,
To paint thee as fair,
As thy charms, resistless,
Already declare ;
For many's the bosom
With passion has beat,
Beholding thy blue eyes,
So lovely and sweet.

With beauty external,
So richly possessed ;
Thy heart I am certain,
Can be but the best ;
For where all the graces,
In one doth unite ;
A good heart is given,
To guide them aright.

O deem it not flatt'ry,
I act not that part,
The sentiment's honest,
And comes from the heart.
I would not deceive thee
By meaningless phrase ;
Or lavish profusely,
Unmerited praise.

May thy future be brighter
Than has been thy past ;
And unalloyed pleasures,
Thy sorrows outlast;
And may no deceiver,
Thy bosom ensnare ;
Or fond hope desert thee,
To end in despair.

SONG.

I'll Think of Thee Loved One, Etc.

I'll think of thee, loved one, when the dark rolling tide,
Shall flow in its fury between ;
When the mountains shall lift their heads in their pride,
And many a mile intervene ;
They may shut out the vision from my tear-dimmed eye,
May hide thy bright form from my view ;
But they cannot keep back the love-laden sigh,
That my heart is breathing to you.

CHORUS.

Then kiss me and love me once more ere we part,
While our hearts are sobbing good by ;
But I'll know when gone you love me, sweetheart,
By the tears now dimming thine eye.

I'll think of thee, loved one, while lamenting the fate,
That has cast our lots thus apart ;
Though the mem'ry of this will add to the weight,

That is cruelly crushing my heart ;
But who could be joyous and feel him resigned,
Though all other joys he possessed ;
If the light of his life in gloom had declined,
And hope were a corpse in his breast ?

CHORUS—Then kiss me and love me, etc.

I'll think of thee, loved one, when time shall have traced,
The furrows of age on my brow ;
When grief shall have dimmed my eye and effaced,
The brightness that sparkles there now.
Ah, yes, when my locks are silvered and thin,
And the vigor of life shall decay ;
I'll think of thee then with a feeling akin,
To that which I cherish today.

CHORUS—Then kiss me and love me, etc.

LOVE AND DECEPTION.

To love,
And hope to be
Free from deception's power,
Is like him who in madness quaffs,
The fatal hemlock, and then laughs,
To scorn in that dread hour,
The thought to see
It move.

And he
Who does endeavor
By willing, to defend
Himself against deceit, will find
The maxim true that love is blind,
A dupe he in the end,
As has, and ever
Will be.

For O
It is a part
Of Cupid's strategy,
Ere we are bound with love's fond spell
To weave that web, and weave it well,
That after what we see,
May set the heart
Aglow.

FAREWELL.

"Fare the well, and if forever,
Then forever fare the well ;"
Yet remember I would never,
Speak that word to break the spell,
Which has bound me, S. A. V.,
To love, to friendship, and to thee.
There was a time when from thee parting,
We would not as now have wept,
And the tears that now are starting,

From our eyes would then have slept
In their fountains, deep, unstirred,
When we spoke the parting word.

Then we knew not for we felt not,
What could be by Cupid done ;
For we thought that love could melt not,
Hearts to live and throb as one.
Vain delusions, partings prove,
How our hearts have learned to love.

O must hearts thus firm united,
By sudden wrench be torn apart ?
Shall the blissful hope be blighted,
Leaving thus the with'ring heart.
Groaning, pining, bleeding, dying,
While "love is lost as won in sighing?"

Ah, no, the heart may pine in sadness,
When is lost, it thinks its goal ;
And pungent grief almost to madness,
May sometimes rend and wring the soul ;
But hope will ne'er desert the heart,
While love can claim the smallest part.

Then think not when dark streams divide,
Or mountains rear their heads between ;
That hearts which are like ours allied,
Can e'er forget what we have been.
For as the needle's to the pole.
So is the true, the constant soul.

The swiftest streams are those which run,
O'er pebbly bed, or shining shoal,
The longest course beneath the sun,
Before they reach their final goal ;
And strongest winds are those which blow,
O'er sandy waste, or frigid snow.

That sorrow's deepest which denies
The healing balm which hope would share ;
Which gives no tears to moist the eyes,
Of those who only know despair.
And love is strongest which will part,
With nought which mem'ry stores the heart.

O then when on the weary wings,
Of wailing winds I waft a sigh ;
O may it wake some kindred strings
Within thy heart and then reply,
In love's own music, melting, sweet,
"I'll live, I'll love, that we may meet."

1861.

SONG.

Wafting Sweet Kisses.

Tonight as I sit in my chamber,
My heart is pensive and lone,
For my thoughts go back to a maiden
Whose home is far my own,

And my heart keeps asking the question,
If ever I more shall see,
The dear one who over the corner,
Once wafted sweet kisses to me?

Her brow was white as the marble,
And smooth as the placid lake,
That sleeps in the mountain fastness,
Where no rude breezes awake.
Her eyes were bright as the diamond,
And blue as the summer sea ;
And she made my heart her captive,
While wafting sweet kisses to me.

O oft in my dreams, my darling,
I'm back to my home again,
And as in the years now vanished
I sit by my window pane ;
And looking again o'er the corner,
Thy form once more I can see ;
Still ling'ring with hand uplifted,
While wafting sweet kisses to me.

O Susie, my sweetheart, my darling,
Wherever my lot shall fall,
Thy charms so sweetly entrancing,
With pleasure I'll love to recall ;
And none whatever her beauty,
To me so precious can be ;
As she who over the corner,
Once wafted sweet kisses to me.

LOVE.

Love is the sweetest bud that blows,
The fairest flower that blooms ;
And none who has not tested knows,
The sweets of its perfumes.

Its absence is the chilling blast,
Which the defenceless know ;
The deepest, longest, and the last,
Heart-rending wail of wo.

Its presence is the radiant beam,
That brighten's life's dark day ;
The fond rememb'rance of that dream,
That drives our griefs away.

'Tis love dispels the gloomy fears,
Of sorrow and of pain ;
That wipes away our bitter tears,
And bids us smile again.

It smooths our passage to the tomb,
And strews our path with flowers ;
It gilds the future's darkest gloom,
When in our latest hours.

Love is the "pass-word" that is giv'n,
When mortals reach the skies ;
The only "countersign" that Heav'n,
Will ever recognize.

O DREARY AND DARK, ETC.

O dreary and dark is the path that we tread,
When the hope that once buoyed the spirit hath fled ;
When the sunlight of love beams on us no more,
And the gloom of the past casts its shadow before.

Blind in our devotion we seek for a smile
The gloom growing deeper around us the while ;
Yet fancy stills sees in the future a gleam,
O wretched the heart when it wakes from that dream.

'Tis like the false vision that often doth burst,
O'er the drear, sandy waste, but mocking the thirst,
Of the trav'ler who hastes to the waters so bright,
To find when approaching they vanish from sight.

We strive to forget that we ever have loved,
The being who has so false to us proved ;
But rememb'rance hath faithfully treasured the past,
Nor from us may we its memory cast.

We reflect, we resolve, henceforth we will scorn,
The heart that betrayed us, and left us forlorn ;
But affection though wounded, to hatred a foe,
Still pleads for the hand that inflicted the blow.

So we bury our hope and our hatred at last,
In the bosom o'er which the tempest hath passed ;
But the love that was born in the heart's deep sigh,
Though scorned and rejected refuses to die.

For innate within us the principle springs,
Into being beholding affinited things ;
And when we discover the grace that's allied
To that essence, we'll love it whatever betide.

STEALING MADE EASY.

In the city of Fulton at the last April court,
But whether for justice, or whether for sport,
Is a question not easy for him to decide,
Who does not make Story or Blackstone his guide.

A youth was arraigned and put upon trial,
On a charge of purloining, to which no denial
Was entered. The specification contained
In the charge, recited, "the prisoner arraigned,
Against the peace and the dignity of State,"
(Could he help it, pray tell, ye sticklers for fate).
"Did for his own profit," it further pursues,
"Unlawfully provide himself with some shoes."

Boulware, his counsel, proverbial for shrewdness,
In defending such imps of criminal rudeness,
Whose deductions from points he fails not to seize on,
Oft "making the worse appear the better reason,"
Admitted, "The charge is certainly true,
But a bad lot of 'booze' had much more to do,
In prompting the crime for which he's duressed,
Than thieving propensity the culprit possessed."

Moreover he urged the court to allow
A lenient spirit to govern it now,
And "let him off easy in any event,
Since the prisoner now doth heartily repent."

The law was examined, six months was the time,
Stern justice required him to atone for the crime.
But his counsel declared, (let its keepers now tell,
How near to the truth his sarcasm fell.)
"Two days in our jail," (the Kingdom's disgrace)
"Quite equals six months at any other place."
The court relenting fell into his plans,
So two days durance is the price of brogans.

Away with such courts, judicial reprieves,
A burlesque on justice, a banter to thieves,
Where the culprit can rob the law of its sentence,
When caught and convicted by pleading repentance ;
When the revels of Bacchus bamboozling the wits,
Is sufficient excuse for the crime he commits ;
Where virtue is made the butt of a jest,
And vice is the means to "feather one's nest."

1870.

NOT FORGOTTEN.

No, not forgotten. In mem'ry still lives,
Though on me the shadow of sorrow is cast,
The feelings affection in pity still gives,
To succor the heart remembering the past.

'Tis the hopes and the pleasures with affection's pure flame,
When our happiness hangs on a word at the most ;
That buoys the heart when reflection doth claim,
A thought of the one we have loved, but have lost.

But still when we meet thy visage doth wear,
A sadness thou strugglest in vain to conceal ;
Suppressing thy sighs but forces the tear,
That makest to passion the strongest appeal.

No doubt you have wondered, I often the same,
That never affection expression could find ;
And rememb'rance in silence I smothered the flame,
Produces the gloom beclouding my mind.

But the passion that is superficial and weak,
In boldness recounts its hopes and its fears ;
While the love that is deep, and abiding can speak,
Alone in silence, in sadness, and tears.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Love at first sight few will own,
Can be so soon obtained ;
But think the passion is alone,
By long acquaintance gained.

But as the spark with flint and steel,
By single stroke is made ;
So in the heart love's flame we feel,
When beauty's first displayed.

And as the spark is fanned to flame,
Or lacking fuel dies ;
So love's first fire will burn the same,
If fed on smiles and sighs.

STANZAS.

To Her Who Can Best Understand Them.

I must linger here no longer,
O 'tis much I've had to bear ;
And though now my heart is stronger,
Yet 'tis only my despair.

Long I hugged a fond delusion,
And in future long I'll pine ;
Yet I little thought confusion,
Such as this could e'er be mine.

Vain was every hope I cherished,
Vain the love thy smiles hath fed ;
The one in bitter grief hath perished,
The other better far were dead.

Tears of anguish oft relieve us,
When some dying hope doth pain ;
But when those we love deceive us,
That resort is all too vain.

Though my brightest hopes are blasted,
Though my sun of joy is set ;
Still the sweets of love I tasted,
Linger in my mem'ry yet.

But the mem'ry of that pleasure,
 When contrasted with my wo ;
Makes of grief the fullest measure,
 That the heart can feel or know.

When dispelled is love's bright vision,
 And our idol false has proved ;
We may bear the world's derision,
 Not the scorn of her we loved.

Time may see thee yet forsaken,
 As by feeling now thou art ;
Then reflection may awaken,
 Some fond mem'ry in thy heart.

Then perhaps thou'lt pine in sadness,
 Then may weep, thyself forlorn ;
Then may mourn thy worse than madness,
 That my love thou e'er did'st scorn.

Know when tortured by reflection,
 And when pangs thy tears shall start ;
These are tribute to affection,
 Wrested from thy faithless heart.

But why picture to thee sorrow,
 That in future may be thine ;
I would never from it borrow,
 If I could the balm for mine.

But in silence will I bear it,
How, none else but thee may know ;
Nor would I that thou should'st share it,
Though 'twas thou who gave the blow.

If in future thou should'st ever,
Stand with loved ones by my bier ;
When my eyes are closed forever,
Wilt thou shed for me a tear ?

And when earth has closed above me,
As you from my grave depart ;
Will you speak to them who love me,
Some kind word to cheer their heart ?

Go then gather some sweet roses,
And alone thy footsteps bend ;
Thither where in death reposes,
He who was thy more than friend.

Scatter then thy roses o'er me,
'Tis of friendship's acts the last ;
Then let mem'ry bring before thee,
All we cherished in the past.

Then when thou shalt turn to leave me,
Who am silent, cold, and still ;
O will thou not then forgive me,
That I loved thee 'gainst thy will ?

DREAMING OF HEAVEN.

Didst't thou ever dream of heaven?
Did'st thou e'er with angels stand?
Was there ever to thee given,
Glimpses of that better land?

Let me tell thee if thou never,
Yet hast caught that blissful ray;
How thou may'st thy spirit sever,
In a vision from its clay.

Be thou often then perusing,
In the evening nature's scroll;
Be thy heart in silence musing,
On the powers of the soul;

Sever earthly ties that bind thee,
To the transient things of time;
And let nature's self remind thee,
To what heights thy soul would climb.

Then from out the Sacred pages,
Call some promise God has made;
And upon the Rock of Ages,
Let thy heart and hope be staid.

But remember to be humble,
And thy every thought a prayer;
Else thy fondest hopes will crumble,
Like a castle built in air.

For 'tis pride that doth defeat us,
Even in the very thought ;
And alone 'tis this will cheat us,
Out of all we hoped or sought.

Then when gentle slumbers press thee,
When bright angels hover o'er ;
Then will heav'nly visions bless thee,
With a view of that bright shore.

Then thy spirit unencumbered,
Fettered not by time or place ;
Shall behold bright worlds unnumbered,
Scattered over boundless space.

But the glories that are beaming,
In the land where angels dwell ;
Can be better known in dreaming,
Than poor feeble tongues can tell.

TO M * * *.

No maiden's charms could e'er allure,
Nor love could to my heart appeal ;
And I had thought that nought was truer,
Than that the passion was ideal.

But when into the depths, I gazed,
Of thy sparkling, love-lit eye ;
I felt within my bosom raised,
A feeling that can never die.

Ah, yes, a glance from thy bright eye,
 "Can raise with hope, depress with fears ;"
Nor need I tell the reason why,
 Since all to thee so plain appears.

And yet my love I ne'er confessed,
 Or claimed a thought of thine to share ;
But deep within my throbbing breast,
 The ardent flame is burning there.

WHEN FROM THE HEART, ETC.

There is a pang, a fearful pang,
 When from the heart sweet hope has fled ;
When gloomy doubts above one hang,
 To pour their wrath upon his head.

Ah, yes, a keen, a piercing pain,
 Is felt within the troubled breast ;
When hope shall never smile again,
 Nor Peace shall give her former rest.

When mind becomes a desert drear,
 And thought a weary traveler ;
And hope's bright flowers no more appear,
 His lonely, saddened heart to cheer.

When lympid streams of purest love,
 To quench his thirst no more shall flow ;
And sweetest strains can only move,
 His heart to pine in deeper wo.

For O he feels the truth, so plain,
 Though seen and felt not by the gay ;
The greatest joy precedeth pain,
 And gloomy night succeeds the day.

O who can tell the wretchedness,
 That falls upon the breaking heart ;
When hope remains no more to bless,
 And joy forever does depart ?

For hope's the beacon that doth gleam,
 Upon life's dark and rugged shore ;
To guide the mariner between,
 The fatal rocks that rise before.

Then wonder not if grim despair,
 On Beauty's cheek sometimes doth tread ;
And furrows deep are plowed by care,
 When from the heart sweet hope has fled.

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

At night when the stars are veiled from our sight,
And Luna at best gives a flickering light ;
When nature is hushed, save the winds low moan,
I sigh, and am sad, when I am alone.

I gaze on the darkness, but often a beam,
Of starlight through night's dark mantle will gleam ;
And say to my heart, "O never despair,
Though dark is the night the morn will be fair."

I wander in thought in the deep tangled wood,
And think of the friends who beside me have stood ;
And muse on the pleasures and joys that are past,
Of the shadows that grief on my pathway has cast ;

I think of the loved ones whose spirits have fled,
Whose bodies repose in the house of the dead ;
Then fain would I weep, but the zephyr's low tone,
Replies to my heart, "Let thy sorrows be gone."

Again my feet stray by the rivulet's side,
And swiftly my thoughts and feelings will glide,
Back to my youth to sport on the wave,
With my friends who in silence now sleep in the grave.

Then tears for their loss well up in my eyes,
But the purling brooklet, and the zephyr replies ;
"Weep not, O weep not, 'tis not for the dead,
But the living, your tears now should be shed."

1865.

GIVE EAR UNTO THE CRY.

Give ear unto the cry of those,
Who in a Southern land,
Are smitten with a thousand woes,
By Mars relentless hand.

It is the widow's speaking sigh,
For loaves that Plenty spread ;
The hungry orphan's bitter cry,
The famished cry for bread.

It is the wail of those who're shorn,
Of weary life's support,
And now that wail to thee is borne,
Thy hoarded stores to court.

O would'st thou know that inward peace,
Sweet conscience can't deny ;
Then bid the widow's moan to cease,
The orphan's tear be dry.

If thou would'st taste that joyful stream,
That bright reward possess ;
Would'st catch one bright, one heav'nly gleam,
Relieve the poor's distress.

1865.

TELL ME, ETC.

Tell me worn, and weary seaman,
Sailing on life's solemn sea ;
Can you gazing o'er its waters,
Hope for more than you can see ?

Can you riding on its billows,
Tossed upon life's troubled tide ;
Look beyond its swelling surges,
To the ocean's further side,

And behold a port of safety,
Where no storms of sorrow beat ;
Thither when your voyage is ended,
You can find a safe retreat ?

And you, landsman, old and hoary,
Whom the cares of life hath bowed ;
Can you see a gleam of sunshine,
Peering from behind the cloud ?

Can you look into the future,
Through the dark and silent tomb ;
And behold a land of pleasure,
Never shaded by earth's gloom ?

Tell me quickly, seaman, landsman,
For our lives are but a breath ;
How the saddened heart may cherish,
Hope of pleasure after death.

For this earthly life is gloomy,
And its colors mostly shade ;
And the grave is rayless, cheerless,
Where no preparation's made.

1860.

TO S * * * *.

O give me again love's radiant beam,
Affection's bright rays, the glow of esteem ;
Dispel my thick darkness with love's pure light,
Bid the day-star of hope illumine my night.

My mind is a desert all barren and drear,
No lovely oasis in its sands doth appear ;
Nor fruit of bright hope on that plain ever grows,
For the breeze of thy love o'er its sands never blows.

No flower will open its petals again,
To scatter its redolence over the plain ;
Till flowing again affection's pure stream,
Restores the mem'ry of love's fond dream.

O would that the years since I bade thee adieu,
Were lost in the tide of Lethe from view ;
And the change that has in thy feelings been wrought,
In the same fabled stream forever forgot.

Your actions, sweetheart, may speak of no feeling,
No sign of assurance, nor balm for the healing,
Of the heart that is broken, is riven, and wrung,
Of the hopes to the breezes by thee have been flung—

May not tell of the joys we fancied in store,
Of the love that has perished to live, aye, no more ;
Of the sunshine of pleasure that gilded the past,
Like the swan's dying song, "Too sweet e'er to last."

That radiant smile that illumines thy face,
Tells not to the world of the time or the place,
When thy tears of affection did plainly reveal,
The depth of that love thou could'st not conceal.

O still its sweet mem'ry yet lives in my breast,
Nor sorrow nor time, nor aught can arrest,
The swift tide of feeling flowing backward in vain ;
To live o'er those hours of pleasure again.

Though our paths are apart, and may ever be so,
Yet my heart is still with you wherever you go,
And if from thee distant my lot shall be cast,
I'll live in the light of our love in the past.

PARODIES.

EVENING BELLES.

Those evening belles, those evening belles,
How many a tale their visage tells,
Of pokeberry juice, magnolia balm,
Angelic beauty, all a sham.

Affection like their beauty fades,
And leaves them, old, forsaken maids ;
For hearts once charmed by their sweet spells,
No longer love those evening belles,

And so 'twill be when they are gone,
Young, dashing belles will still flirt on ;
And witless fops, conceited swells,
Will still hang 'round those evening belles.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Son. How good is Young, the Mormon, pa,
That people call him saint ?
Is he like Job, the patient one,
Whom Satan could not taint ?
Say, does he pray three times a day,
As Daniel did of old ?
And are his passions always by,
A virtuous life controlled ?

Fath. O no, my child, about as good,
As Beecher, or as Dives ;
'Tis not his virtue makes him saint,
But the number of his wives.

Son. His wives not few, I know 'tis said,
Some hundred head or more ;
But that their number adds a grace,
I never knew before.

Fath. I mean, my child, his creed is such,
That he is called a saint ;
When people talk of wedded bliss,
And long for less restraint.

Son. Well, what did he, and what believed ?
Pray tell me that, at least.

Fath. Why, he it was succeeded Smith,
The martyred Mormon priest ;
And first revived polygamy,
And then to Utah went,
And emissaries of his faith,
Throughout the Union sent.
A hundred simple maidens quick,
To his embraces sprung ;
And now throughout old Brigham's halls
Sports many a *younger* Young.

Son. Did wedding women make him a saint ?
Then why do men assail,
The actions of that bigamist,
Whom Grant turned out of jail?
I never heard them call him saint.

Fath. Why, no, 'twas not his creed,
And he who weds two or three wives,
The people doth implead.

Son. Well, then, if I should wed two wives,
I'd wed a hundred more ;
I'd be a saint, and not enjailed.
Like Bowen named before.

Fath. O no, my child, 'twill never do,
The law but one allows.

Son. Nor cares the law so 'tis their creed,
How many they espouse.

Fath. You know, my child, all things at first,
Were mated off by twos ;
Yet still our laws concede to each,
His own religious views.

Son. But, pa, is not old Brigham Young,
Like any other man ?
Then tell me pray, what right has he

To change the primal plan?
If God at first gave man but one,
 Though he pronounced her "good,"
I'd like to know old Brigham's right,
 To wed a *neighborhood*?
If one should kill the maids he weds,
 And on their corpses feed;
And claim 'twas his "religious view,"
 To which our "laws concede,"
Would anybody call him *saint*,
 With such a monstrous creed?

1871.

NOTES.

Rocktown. Some four or five miles southwest of New Bloomfield, in Callaway county, Missouri, there is a succession of cliffs which stand out boldly from the hillside; and which seen at a distance present the appearance of an ancient fortified city, with inaccessible walls, and towers for observation and defense. Where it first got its name, or who first called it Rocktown, cannot now be determined. That, however, is the name by which it has been known from my earliest recollection.

It was my playground almost from childhood, as I was born and reared less than two miles away; and was never happier in youth, than when with kindred spirits, I was clambering up its lofty heights, and wandering among its awful solitudes.

Luva is simply a fictitious name, which I have taken the poetic license to give to the stream which flows at its base.

The "narrow way" spoken of in the poem, is simply a ledge of rocks which makes its appearance on either side of the cliff where it first emerges from the hillside. The ledge is about six feet wide at either end, but gradually growing more narrow, until at the center of the cliff, some forty or fifty feet above its base, it gives out at the opening of a series of chalky caves. To enter which from either side, one must cling to some vines that grow in the fissures of the cliff. A hazardous undertaking, but what will not youth dare?

This poem was written after a visit I made alone, only a few years ago, to these old, and familiar, but sacred scenes to me.

C. A. E.

INDEX.

	Page.
Introduction.....	7
Incarnated and Redeemed or Rocktown Reveries..	10
Humorous and Satirical—	
Deacon Roland.....	86
Shining Him Up.....	105
Hanging a Rope.....	103
How the Parson Fell.....	101
On a Tick.....	107
The Old Man.....	109
A Romance In Two Chapters.....	113
Lost Opportunities.....	116
A Church Rousement.....	119
Boyhood Recollections.....	125
A Tanning Lesson.....	127
Trying to Fly.....	130
In Other Men's Shoes.....	136
Miscellaneous—	
When Cold in the Grave, Etc.....	142
Sorrow and Joy.....	143
Had Man No Hope.....	144
An Approving Conscience.....	145
Life.....	147
Let Others Seek the Halls of Mirth.....	149
O, Think Not That a Cruel Fate.....	150

	Page.
Reflections.....	150
The Bridge of Sighs.....	152
Heaven.....	153
Written in an Album.....	154
Summer Friends.....	154
Death.....	155
Lament of Dido....	158
Friendship.....	159
Kindness....	160
The Dying Skirmisher.....	161
The Stream of Life.....	163
Earthly Things are Fleeting.....	164
Destiny....	166
The Triumph of Wrong.....	168
Close of Day.....	170
The Exile's Farewell.....	171
Meditations—at Night.....	173
Not Satisfied.....	174
Mary's Offering.....	176

Earlier Poems—

In Another Year, Etc.....	180
O Restless Heart.....	181
To F. M. Emmons.....	183
In Memory of S. F. Emmons.....	185
Vainly You May Seek Etc.....	186
Happiest When Nearest.....	188
I Ask Not, Etc.....	188
Had I Some Lone Retreat, Etc.....	189
My Heart's Ideal.....	191
Sympathy.....	192
Song—(O, Give Me Back My Heart).....	193
Never.....	194

	Page.
Now and Then.....	195
Longing for Rest.....	196
To * * * * * (By Request).....	197
My Dream Angel.....	198
To * * * * *	200
Song—(I'll Think of Thee Loved One, Etc.....	202
Love and Deception.....	203
Farewell.....	204
Song—(Wafting Sweet Kisses).....	206
Love.....	208
O Dreary and Dark, Etc.....	209
Stealing Made Easy.....	210
Not Forgotten.....	211
Love at First Sight.....	212
Stanzas (To Her Who Can Best Understand).....	213
Dream of Heaven.....	216
To M * * * * *	217
When From the Heart, Etc.....	218
Weep Not for the Dead.....	219
Give Ear Unto the Cry.....	220
Tell Me, Etc.....	221
To S * * * * *	222

Parodies—

Evening Bells.....	224
Brigham Young.....	224
Notes.....	228

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